

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

THE OLDEST AND BEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY IN THE UNITED STATES.

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COULDN'T WAIT UNTIL SANTA CLAUS CAME.

FOND MOTHER RETURNING FROM A CALL FINDS HER INQUISITIVE CHILDREN IN POSSESSION OF HIDDEN CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Drawn by Eliot Keen

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

Parties representing themselves as connected with LESLIE'S WEEKLY should always be asked to produce credentials. This will prevent imposition.

Leslie's Weekly has no connection with "Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly."

Thursday, December 14, 1905

Our Golden Anniversary.

ON DECEMBER 15TH LESLIE'S WEEKLY will round out a full half-century of existence, and it celebrates the happy event in due and proper fashion. It may justly claim the distinction of being a pioneer in the field of illustrated journalism in America, and that it still holds the leadership despite the subsequent entrance of several rivals in the same field.

Unlike many newspaper enterprises which have achieved success by slow degrees and after many trials and tribulations, LESLIE'S WEEKLY entered upon the arena in full panoply with its initial number, and has been strong, successful, and prosperous from its beginning. It never was a weakling; in virility, in wealth of resource, in genuine enterprise, in every essential quality which goes into the make-up of a high-class illustrated newspaper, its course has been remarkably even. It struck a high note at the outset, and has maintained that note without variation to the present day, through the various changes of ownership and editorial management which it has witnessed. This is notably true not only of its literary and artistic features, which have kept pace with the progress and the demands of the time in character and general excellence, but also of its moral tone and its attitude toward great public questions.

It was the ambition of the man who founded this journal, and who was its proprietor and editor for many years, that it should be, first of all, a household publication, an illustrated family journal—a paper that should be interesting, helpful, and popular with every member of the home circle. That it might not only win, but deserve, the support of such a constituency of readers, he filled the paper with clean, wholesome, stimulating reading; he made it educational in a high and broad sense of that term; he gave it dignity and character without the sacrifice of any feature essential to its success as a chronicler of current events, as an illustrated history of its time—as the history was made. To achieve these ends he did not find it necessary to make the paper a purveyor of scandals and sensations, to lend its columns to the exploitation of the seamy side of life, nor to social vagaries, nor to unsound and mischievous theories of government.

To this lofty standard LESLIE'S WEEKLY has held itself true and unswerving through all its fifty years. It has ever stood, as it stands to-day, for purity and righteousness in every sphere of human thought and activity, for clean politics and sound standards in business, finance, and government. It has given sincere, consistent, and vigorous support to all the great moral issues which have presented themselves in its day, from the doctrines of anti-slavery and the Union cause to the great reform movements of the present time. On questions affecting the welfare of the church, the home, and the family it has ever been outspoken, frank, and courageous.

This has been the course of LESLIE'S WEEKLY for the half-century in which it has been before the public, and in this course it proposes to keep through all the years to come. It was never stronger in its advocacy of all good causes than it is to-day; never more independent and unsparing in its denunciation of evil in whatever form and under whatever name it may appear; never more hopeful, ardent, and de-

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termined in its purpose to instruct, interest, inspire, and guide its increasing constituency of readers in all right ways, and to do its full part in making the world a somewhat brighter and happier place for human living. This is, in brief, the answer which LESLIE'S WEEKLY gives back to the thousands of its readers, many of whom have been with it from the beginning, from whom it has received congratulations and good wishes on its golden anniversary. To all this host of appreciative friends, old and new, it sends this message of thanks and of greeting, with the assurance that it will endeavor in the future even more than in the past to merit their confidence, their good-will, and their support.

Leslie's Weekly—1855-1905.

FOR fifty years of frost and fire,
Of seed and harvest time,
Its giant press has thundered on
With faithfulness sublime.
Its printed columns, broad and clear,
Adorned with vivid views,
Have carried over land and sea
The story of the news.

ITS readers every week have seen,
As in a looking-glass,
Events in countries far and near
Before them clearly pass.
The faces in its files appear
Of all the good and great
Who helped to build with sword or pen
The fabric of the state.

IN countless homes of rich and poor,
North, south, and east and west,
It finds a welcome such as greets
A dear and honored guest;
And boys who used to pore entranced
Above each pictured page
Are reading LESLIE'S WEEKLY yet
In sober middle age.

ITS fame is founded on a rock,
Its record courts the light,
Its power is always on the side
Of justice, truth, and right.
And so its fiftieth birthday brings
The world's congratulation,
For LESLIE'S history has been
The history of the nation.

MINNA IRVING.

The Booming Southwest.

OKLAHOMA, the Indian Territory, and Texas are the communities which are growing fastest these days. There is considerable growth also in New Mexico and Arizona on account of mining and irrigation, but it is slower than in the other part of the Southwest which has been named.

Though the population centre, which is still in Indiana, moved only fourteen miles west in the decade ending with 1900, which was by far the shortest distance ever traversed in that direction, it moved three miles south. This was due to the great rush of people to Oklahoma, the Indian Territory, and Texas. In that decade Oklahoma's gain in population was 518 per cent., the Indian Territory's 117 per cent., and Texas's 36 per cent. Several Indian reservations in Oklahoma have been thrown open to settlement since 1900, and there has been a rapid gain in population there. Indian Territory, too, is increasing at least as fast as it did in any part of its history. Texas is growing faster than in the last decade.

Oklahoma and the Indian Territory are likely to be admitted to statehood this winter as the State of Oklahoma. Combined they will start out with about 1,500,000 inhabitants, and rank twenty-second or twenty-third on the roll of States. The Indian Territory's name is something of a misnomer. There are 90,000 Indians, constructive and actual, in the Territory, and five times as many whites. The tribal relations of the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Seminoles (the five civilized tribes) will expire on March 4th, 1906, and they will be merged into the mass of the citizenship. The term civilized in their case is to be taken literally. The dissolution of the tribes and the admission to statehood will send a new inrush of settlers and capital into the State of Oklahoma.

Texas is one of the country's marvels. In miles of main railway track it passed Illinois, which had been first among the States since 1865, in 1905. In 1905 it passed Missouri in population, taking the fifth place among the States, which Missouri had held since 1870. Only four States lead Texas in population now—New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Ohio. At the present and recent rate of growth of all those States Texas will pass Ohio by 1915, Illinois by 1930, Pennsylvania by 1940, New York by 1950, and become the Empire State of the Union.

With its annual average of about 3,000,000 bales, Texas raises between a third and a fourth of the entire cotton crop of the United States, and more than is raised in all the world outside of this country. In its cotton belt 12,000,000 or 15,000,000 bales could be raised annually if there were a market for it, and before many more years pass there will be a market. Nearly everything grown in the temperate and torrid zones is grown, or can be grown, in Texas. It has vast tracts of good timber lands and inexhaustible deposits of coal, lead, zinc, and other minerals, while its oil wells

are not surpassed anywhere on the globe. Texas is a vast empire, and is capable of supporting 30,000,000 of people.

The Plain Truth.

HOW THE honest and self-respecting workingmen of the country regard the claims and pretensions of the Nebraska demagogue who has twice made a strenuous effort to capture their votes for himself as a candidate for the presidency, may be judged somewhat by the treatment accorded to a request made by him in a letter read before the American Federation of Labor at its recent session in Pittsburg. Not only was the request refused, but it was made the occasion for several sarcastic speeches by delegates, to the effect that the letter was written to make political capital, and for that reason ought to be ignored any way. No one arose to defend the Nebraska office-seeker from this charge, and thus the matter ended. It is evident from this that the workingmen of the country have put a pretty accurate estimate upon the character and motives of the political graftor from Nebraska, and the only marvel is that any one else can still take him seriously.

THE STATEMENT that Mr. Andrew Carnegie once paid a thousand dollars for a single luncheon for himself would go for a piece of gross and reckless extravagance on the part of the famous Pittsburger were the statement not followed by details which give it quite another color. The outlay was, in fact, occasioned by one of those promptings of a generous and noble spirit which have already given Mr. Carnegie a rank among the greatest philanthropists that the world has known. It appears that Mr. Carnegie, while on a visit in Pittsburg some years ago, took a ride on a locomotive with an engineer by the name of Fred Fleck. He became hungry, and, catching sight of Fleck's dinner-pail in the cab, he snatched it and cleaned it out completely. He is said to have eaten like a school-boy, drinking the cold coffee and finishing the contents of the pail to the last crumb. Having finished, Mr. Carnegie laughed at the hungry Fleck and ended up by assuring him that he would pay him well for that meal some time, for he had never tasted one that seemed so good. This promise was fulfilled the other day, when the old engineer received from Mr. Carnegie a letter recalling the incident and inclosing a check for \$1,000. Mr. Carnegie may consider himself as our guest at dinner any day when he feels particularly hungry.

FEW CRIMES are more despicable or worthy of more swift and condign punishment than that of a man who turns upon an employer who has trusted him in close and confidential service and attempts to extort money from him under threat of disclosing important business secrets. Scoundrels have profited so often and so much by such acts of perfidy that it is not at all surprising that this scheme for making money easily should be resorted to at frequent intervals by creatures of a certain type. But if all these blackmailers were served as two of them were served the other day by Armour & Company, of Chicago, crimes of this order would soon disappear. One of the men was formerly a stenographer, who had been employed in a confidential capacity by Armour & Company, and had in this way possessed himself of a number of highly valuable and important letters bearing on the relations of the company with other firms. Joining a brother-in-law with him in the plot, the stenographer, who had resigned his position, went to the office of the beef company and demanded \$40,000 as his price for withholding the letters from the public. Instead of throwing up their hands and allowing their pockets to be picked by their traitorous employé and his partner, the firm laid a trap for their capture, had them arrested and put in prison, where they now are awaiting trial. The action of Armour & Company in this matter deserves commendation, and the punishment of the offenders should be swift and sure.

IT IS exceedingly difficult to comprehend the moral and mental make-up of that class of men and women who compose the so-called fashionable set in our larger American cities, and who in days like these can find no higher or saner purpose for the expenditure of their time and money than in feeding their vanities and indulging their pampered appetites. With millions dying from starvation in Russia, with hordes of men and women desperate with hunger and privation marching through the streets of London, with a thousand appeals for help and service arising from every quarter of our own land, what but a heart incrusted with selfishness and filled with greed and foolish pride could remain obdurate and unresponsive! Such must have been the character of the rich and fashionable family out in Louisville, Ky., who gave a birthday luncheon to a pet dog the other day, with all the accompaniments of a high-class social function. The beast was the guest of honor, and around the board, we are informed, "were persons prominent in society." An elaborate menu was provided, and the dog was served from a silver platter. Of course no blame can be attached to the dog, who apparently had the wisest head of all engaged in this silly business, but as to the other creatures who surrounded "the board," there can hardly be but one opinion among intelligent and conscientious men and women. Their proper status, we should say, was several grades below that of the dog. It is precisely such exhibitions as these, and such a use of wealth, that furnish ample fuel to the anarchist, and other enemies of the existing social order.

People Talked About

THE WIFE of a diplomat should be endowed with talents of a high order to be of the greatest service to her husband in the performance of his public duties. The social side of an ambassador's life is quite as important, in its way, as any other, and he is doubly equipped if his wife be mistress of all the arts and graces of a leader of fashion and culture. The new Mexican ambassador to the United States, Lic. Joaquin de Casasús, is singularly fortunate in this respect. His home life is ideal.

His wife, the Señora Doña Catalina Altamirano de Casasús, is a daughter of the eminent statesman and *littérateur*, Ignacio M. Altamirano, who died some twelve years ago on the Italian Riviera, being at the time consul-general of Mexico in France. Mrs. Casasús is a charming and accomplished woman, combining to an unusual degree true sweetness and sincerity with her social qualifications. Mr. and Mrs. Casasús have seven children. Hector and Horatio are students of the Escuela Nacional Preparatoria. The other children are Evangelina, whose name recalls the beautiful idyl which Mr. Casasús's pen has made familiar to Mexican readers, Margarita, Mario, Leon, and Jorge.

ONE OF THE most gratifying results, in the view of Count Witte, of his recent rise to actual rulership in Russia is the fact that his wife has at last been received at court. The countess is a Jewess of ordinary birth, and these two circumstances, in spite of the high positions her husband from time to time had held, had caused her to be tabooed in the court circle. It was only as one of the rewards bestowed on the count for his diplomatic success at Portsmouth that the countess was lately admitted to the highest social coterie in the land. Count Witte had been for many years ambitious to secure this recognition for his wife, and that he has now done so is counted as a signal personal triumph for him.

THE LATEST and largest offering in the interests of the world's peace was made by a Polish nobleman, Count Gourowsky, of Nice. The count was present during one of the sessions of the recent world's peace congress at Luzerne, Switzerland, when an appeal was made for funds wherewith to complete and give a permanent habitation to the peace museum founded at Luzerne by the famous Polish economist, Jean de Bloch. The appeal met with an immediate and generous response from Count Gourowsky, who sent up word to the platform that he would give 500,000 francs, and, if necessary, 200,000 francs more, to the museum, on the sole condition that it should be wholly a peace museum, with only enough of the military element to show the results of war. The sum pledged is equal to about \$175,000. The only large individual givers to the peace cause in America thus far have been Mr. Andrew Carnegie and Mr. Edwin Ginn, of Boston.

WHAT WE have frequently asserted in these columns in regard to the motives and intentions of the Emperor William of Germany finds a confirmation in a statement made the other day in Washington by Baron Speck von Sternburg, the popular German ambassador, who has just returned from Berlin, where he discussed international questions with the Emperor. The latter has no wish to grab territory, said the Baron, but his great desire is to develop Germany along the

lines of peace. He continued: "The best answer to those who assert that the Emperor is a man of war is found in the fact that during the several years of his reign Germany has not engaged in a single combat. All other nations have had wars, including the United States, and yet I don't believe any other nation has been placed during the reign of his Majesty in more awkward or even as trying positions." We believe this to be the expression of a sincere and earnest man, and one who knows and speaks the truth. It should help to dispose of the foolish and senseless alarms raised at frequent intervals in this country and Europe about the aggressive and sanguinary schemes which the German Emperor has in view, and which are to embroil all Europe in a fearful war. We have never believed this nonsense, and believe it less now than ever before. The baron's statement should convince even the most rabid sensation-mongers.

BARON SPECK VON STERNBURG,
Who declares that Emperor William
is a man of peace.



ONE OF THE most interesting children of the time is little Ellen Tsilka, who was born while her mother was a captive with Miss Stone, the American missionary, among the Bulgarian brigands. Ellen is now nearly four years of age, and she is as healthy, happy, and intelligent a child as has ever lived in America. She can speak a little in three other languages, but she is so in love with the United States that she



ELLEN TSILKA,
The little Bulgarian girl, born among brigands, who is in love with America. She was with the captured missionary, Miss Stone.

clings to the English rather than to even her native tongue, and she doesn't like to hear her parents conversing in Bulgarian. Mr. and Mrs. Tsilka, who did missionary work in their own land, have spent more than two and a half years in the United States, and Ellen has had the opportunity of traveling over a great part of the country. As Mrs. Tsilka says, "Ellen has traveled ever since she was three days old." Nature and experience have combined to make her very observant. Mr. and Mrs. Tsilka expect to go back to their mission field. It is doubtful if Ellen will like to go, since she has become so much enthused over American life and over the English language.



ERNESTINE LOWRY,
An American baby who was born in China, and who understands Chinese.—Schmidt.

LITTLE MISS ERNESTINE LOWRY, a baby of distinguished American ancestors but who was born in China, has just completed a voyage of 10,000 miles to visit her friends in America. Most of her stay in this country will be made in Cincinnati. Ernestine is the ten-months-old daughter of Edward K. Lowry, an Ohio man interested in the Chinese mines near Peking. She is also the great-grandchild of Bishop Clark, for many years the head of Methodism in southern Ohio. Her parents were captured by Boxers in the uprising in China years ago, and later, with the British and American soldiers, Mr. Lowry, who had gained his freedom, marched from the coast to rescue his wife, who had taken refuge in the British legation at Peking. The journey of eighty miles, interrupted by frequent fighting, took eleven days, and the besieged Britishers were on the verge of starvation when relieved. Baby Lowry has been cared for from birth by a Chinese nurse, and understands the Chinese well.

THE RECENT return to her native land of the Marquise des Monstiers Merinville, formerly Miss

Gwendoline Caldwell, of Richmond, Va., calls attention anew to her sensational action of last year in renouncing the Roman Catholic Church. For twenty years the marquise, who inherited several million dollars, had been a devout member of that church, and she was one of its most munificent supporters. In recognition of a gift by her of \$300,000 to the Catholic University in Washington, Pope Leo XIII. bestowed on her a diamond-studded medal and the decoration of the Order of the Rose, an honor no other woman has received. For additional displays of liberality the Pope granted her special audiences whenever she was in Rome, and at Vatican ceremonies she was given a place in the diplomatic corps tribune. The marquise's withdrawal from the church has been in some quarters imputed to her less cordial treatment by Pope Pius X., and also to domestic unhappiness. But she appears to have undergone a very thorough change of faith, for it is said that Pope Pius went to the unusual length of personally and feelingly pleading with her to renew her allegiance to the Church of Rome, yet all in vain. The marquise was moved to tears, but could not be persuaded to go back to the fold. The efforts of a number of American bishops along the same line were also futile. To accentuate her new religious attitude the marquise has had her portrait removed from the large reception-room of Caldwell Hall at the Catholic university, and it is possible that she will also insist that the name of the hall be changed. The marquise has been for some time in ill-health, being nearly blind and deaf, and it is said that her stay in this country will be permanent.

AS IS universally known, the real ruler of China is the Empress Dowager, the Emperor, her nephew, being merely a figurehead that appears from this distance to be mainly useless. The Emperor is thirty-three years old, but his autocratic old aunt does not hesitate on occasion to discipline him as if he were just an urchin. One recent evidence of her power over him is almost laughable. The dowager taxed the Emperor with having guilty knowledge of the attempt some time ago to kill with a bomb the commissioners she had appointed to study Western methods. Wu Ting-Fang, former minister to the United States, was on the scene when the bomb went off, and was rendered totally deaf by the explosion. The Emperor showed confusion when thus charged, and the dowager promptly ordered him locked up in a room like any bad boy. Nobody was allowed to see him and food was passed to him through a window. The august monarch of 400,000,000 people seems to have submitted supinely to his punishment, though it is reported that he did occasionally, as if in protest, "raise shrieks like those of a lunatic." But all that does not appear to have disturbed apathetic China.

EVERY AMERICAN schoolboy has heard of the English school at Harrow; for have not the escapades of Harrow schoolboys and the cranks and quips of Harrow head-masters been the theme of many a rattling story dear to every young heart? We catch glimpses of Harrow, too, in the biographies of many an English worthy—great soldiers, statesmen, and men of letters. For these reasons chiefly it seems worth while to note one fact, that the present head-master

of Harrow, Dr. Joseph Wood, is a man who seems to keep up the traditions of this old and historic institution so far as modern customs and conventionalities will allow him to do. King Edward and Queen Alexandra visited Harrow at the last commencement season, being present on what is known as Speech Day. The speeches are declaimed on this day in a quaint-looking Greek theatre, not far from the spot where Byron used to lie on a tombstone and gaze over the marvelous view. It is whispered that Harrow's "Head" is known to the boys as "Joey." Be that as it may, he is strict rather than lenient, and is believed to cherish a good, old-fashioned belief in the saving qualities of the birch. Dr. Wood is a good athlete; but perhaps he attaches more importance to actual learning than do many of his colleagues, and he watches over the famous Vaughan Library, well described as one of the sacred spots of Harrow, with loving care.



MARQUISE DES M. MERINVILLE,
Who renounced the Roman Catholic Church in spite of Pope Pius's pleadings.



DR. JOSEPH WOOD,
Head of the famous English school for boys at Harrow.



Fifty Years of the World's Progress

By Gilson Willets

ON THE DAY, fifty years ago, when the first number of LESLIE'S WEEKLY was printed there were no rotary presses, no typesetting machines, no telephones, no trolley lines, no automobiles, no electric lights, no ocean cables, no rapid-fire guns, no typewriters, no steel ships nor turbines, no X-rays nor radium, no antiseptics, no Pasteur cure, no agricultural machinery, no great steel bridges, fire-proof buildings, nor stupendous sky-scrappers.

The sewing-machine had only just been invented; De Lesseps was planning the Suez Canal, which was opened fourteen years later; there was civil war in Kansas; the mutiny was about to break out in India; the French were about to occupy Algiers; the Crimean War was at its height and Florence Nightingale was doing her merciful work; Japan had only just been opened to the outside world, and China was having her doors forced open in the same way.

How marvelous the story of human progress, especially in America, since that number one of LESLIE'S WEEKLY was printed on its flat-bed press! Of all the achievements of the intervening half-century, the greatest is that of the development of the printing-press. The first edition of LESLIE'S WEEKLY required two days for the printing. To-day the same number of copies of that issue—reproduced in this golden anniversary number—were printed, stitched, and folded in less than one hour. The size and capacity of the perfecting press to-day is such that 100,000 copies or more of a newspaper may be printed on one machine in one hour. Steel engraving and wood engraving have given way to line cuts and half-tones. These illustrations are the result of a combination of photography and etching. Presses print these pictures now in three primary colors, and several more colors may be produced by combinations, and a complete picture results from one impression. The enormous strides in color printing have made possible the tremendous output of magazines and newspaper supplements.

Twenty years ago there was no practical substitute for the setting of type by hand. Then Mergenthaler and others invented the linotype machine, which, with almost human intelligence, sets up reading-matter like this article a whole line at a time. With such progress in the press-room and composing-room, an increase in the number of newspapers and books was natural. To-day 25,000 different periodicals with a combined circulation of millions of copies, and 25,000 new, different books with a total issue of hundreds of thousands of copies, are published yearly in the United States and Canada alone.

The next most surprising achievement of modern science is the invention of wireless telegraphy, and the feat of conveying messages across the Atlantic through air. Marconi is the most prominently associated with this discovery, though Tesla and others claim to have invented even more efficient systems. The wireless system has been adopted by the navies of several nations, including our own; it is used on many of the great Atlantic steamships and by the signal corps for communicating with ships hundreds of miles at sea.

An infinitely more useful invention, however, in the electrical field is that of the telephone. Professor Bell gave the telephone to the world only twenty-five years ago. To-day in New York City 50,000 messenger boys would have to be employed to carry around in letter form the communications sent in a single day over the telephone wires. In New York one may talk with a friend in Chicago, and hear every word as clearly as if one were talking with a neighbor across the street. The Bell system alone has over a million subscribers, and over a million miles of wire lines, handling over two billion conversations yearly. Including the independent companies, over five million exchange connections are made daily.

Modern illumination is another wonderful product of the electrical age of the last fifty years. Electric light is now used not only for public and private illumination, but for many purposes unattainable by other kinds of light. Tiny incandescent lights are used for examinations of the larynx and in dentistry, and a similar lamp has even been introduced into the stomach, thus permitting a minute examination of the condition of that organ.

It was not until LESLIE'S WEEKLY was past ten years of age that it received its first European dispatch by cable. For it was not till 1866 that the Atlantic cable was laid, under the direction of William Thomson, when the then wonderful *Great Eastern* made her famous voyage. Since then a thousand and one electrical devices of immense value to mankind have been invented—the electric motor, dynamo generator, apparatuses for electric-power transmission, storage batteries, and numerous minor contrivances in daily use. Every manufacturing industry has, indeed, been transformed by the use of electricity. Edison invented the phonograph in 1877, but not until recent years has it found general use. To-day there

are several different "makes" of these marvelous machines by which are reproduced the sounds of the human voice and music.

As for the mighty progress in the railway world, the year in which LESLIE'S WEEKLY was born there were less than 15,000 miles of railway in the United States. To-day the mileage is 200,000 in this country alone. We have 40,000 locomotives hauling 2,000,000 cars carrying annually 600,000,000 tons of freight and over 500,000,000 passengers, for which service nearly two billions of dollars are paid to the railways yearly—a sum equal to three times the total revenues of the Federal government. The greatest single railway achievement of the last fifty years is the Trans-Siberian Railway. The total length, from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok, is 6,500 miles, and the total cost of the railway to date has reached the amazing sum of four billions of dollars.

Frank Leslie probably never dreamed that one day a page in his paper would be devoted to self-propelled vehicles. To-day the department in the paper headed "The Man In the Auto" records the amazing progress in that product of modern invention, the automobile. And yet it was only seven years ago that the automobile industry was begun on a business basis. To-day the motor-car is an annihilator of time and space. It runs faster than the average suburban train. Farmers, lumbermen, and coal dealers use the auto to haul their products. The farmer even cuts his grass with an auto. Mail in cities like Syracuse has been delivered and collected by auto. Editions of this weekly have been hauled to the post-office in auto-trucks. Wouldn't Frank Leslie be amazed!

We must not forget the trolley. Twenty years ago the subscribers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY had only 100 miles of trolley lines at their service. To-day they may hustle from place to place by 30,000 miles of trolley. The trolley is now a serious rival of the regular railway. By a combination of interurban companies, continuous lines several hundreds of miles long are operated.

When LESLIE'S WEEKLY started, the ship that brought the story of the freeing of the serfs by Czar Alexander took twenty days or more to cross the Atlantic. In the present year I mailed a story for the WEEKLY at the London post-office, and less than six full days later the "copy" was in the editor's hands. Twenty-thousand-ton steel ships are now making the passage in five days, seven hours. We have ships 700 feet long—which is many feet longer than the *Great Eastern*. These ships each carry more than 3,000 passengers, and American travelers to Europe in the course of one season number 100,000. Fifty years ago the sailing-vessel was of wood. To-day Fall River launches seven-masted schooners of steel over 400 feet long, with masts 155 feet high, yet so built as to require only sixteen men to handle. Then there are the new turbine steamships, cutting all records from land to land across the Atlantic. The *Virginian*, of the Allan line, made the trip in four days, ten hours.

When LESLIE'S WEEKLY first appeared the death rate for serious surgical operations was forty-five per cent. Seven years later Lister introduced antisepic surgery in Glasgow. Since then the death rate for surgical operations has been reduced to twelve per cent. Antisepic treatment has, besides, made possible numbers of operations which would have been fatal under the old system. During the first thirty years of the existence of this WEEKLY, persons bitten by mad dogs died inevitably of hydrophobia. In 1885 Pasteur discovered a cure for hydrophobia, and now Pasteur institutes are established in many countries and persons bitten by dogs survive. Up to ten years ago a surgeon would cut you open to find a bone-splinter. Sometimes he cut in the wrong place. To-day you apply an X-ray, and the splinter is located exactly. That's what Röntgen did for humanity when in 1895 he made it possible to photograph the invisible.

Progress in photography has been made in many other directions. Photographers in the early days of LESLIE'S dreamed of obtaining pictures which should reproduce all the colors of nature without the assistance of the artist's brush. Ten years ago the problem was solved, and photographs in all the natural colors were exhibited in Paris. But the most marvelous of all achievements in photography are in the field of astronomy. Stars not visible to the human eye through the telescope are now revealed by use of a wonderful camera.

In the field of chemistry, one of the marvels was the discovery of radium by Monsieur and Madame Curie in Paris in 1903. The new discovery revealed new forms of energy—such as heat and power and light—that would last seemingly forever and would generate themselves. A minute quantity of radium sealed up in a glass tube and placed near small animals kills them in a few days. All forms of life would soon perish if exposed to this "radio-activity." Three pounds of radium would be sufficient to destroy the entire population of New York.

Wonderful has been progress in the invention of machines to replace the work of the hand of man. Take the typewriter. All the "copy" for LESLIE'S for many years was written entirely with pen or pencil. To-day everything that appears in the paper was written on a typewriter. Court stenographers and lawyers were the first to utilize typewriters. Then the com-

mercial world fell into line. At present there is no business or profession in which the typewriter does not play a part. Even "book typewriters" have been perfected; power typewriters are being improved, and patents have been issued for electrical typewriters. In the power typewriters the operator touches a key releasing latch mechanism, power from some external source completing the impression. The electrical typewriters are operated by magnets, the circuit being closed as the operator touches the key. Even long-distance typewriters have been invented, by which one may typewrite a letter hundreds of miles from the place where he sits.

In the year of the founding of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, the first plow drawn by steam was used. Since then in no department of American life has machinery worked greater changes than in agriculture. To-day we have the steam gang-plow combined with seeder and harrow. We have side-hill plows, vineyard plows, beet plows, subsoil plows, and double landslide plows. We have corn planters, harvesters, huskers, shellers, and seeders, and, more wonderful than all, the combined reaper and thrasher, which, driven across a field of standing wheat, leaves the grain ready for delivery to elevator or mill.

Our mines—engineers have made them the greatest in the world. In mineral production we have made unparalleled advances since 1855, when LESLIE'S started. From our mines 22 different products are obtained. We produce now 29 per cent. of the world's coal supply, beating Britain by 2 per cent.; we contribute 43 per cent. of the world's petroleum supply, Russia producing more than one-half; we produce 31 per cent. of the gold and 33 per cent. of the silver, leading all nations in these metals; we produce 56 per cent. of the copper, Spain coming next. Our mines now give one-fourth of all the quicksilver in the world, and one-fourth of the zinc. Altogether we produce 40 per cent. of the mining products of the earth.

Meantime, the American manufacturer, like the missionary, claims that he is the torch-bearer of civilization. For into all the corners of the earth he sends, as an exporter, his products. He sends sewing-machines to New Guinea; he ships typewriters with "export key-boards" in Russian, Hebrew, Greek, and Arabian characters; he sends condensed milk even to Thibet; bicycles to Abyssinia; cameras to Persia; locomotives to Finland; steel rails to Norway; tools to China; lamps to all Asia; wire fencing to Java; phonographs to Jerusalem, and agricultural machinery to farmers on the River Jordan.

When LESLIE'S WEEKLY first appeared there were no industrial combinations, no trusts. To-day there are over two hundred great trusts, three of which have a capitalization exceeding \$100,000,000. Labor, too, has "combined" more and more in the last fifty years. To-day the national and international labor unions in this country have a membership exceeding 2,000,000.

The chief occupation of the American people when LESLIE'S WEEKLY began its long career was agriculture. The same is true to-day. Over 10,000,000 persons in this country to-day are making their living on farms. Three-fourths of all our exports, in value, are agricultural products. Our annual corn crop alone covers 80,000,000 acres—an area as large as Italy; our wheat crop covers more acres than are comprised in all England; our oat crop covers acres that would make four countries like Holland; our cotton crop alone covers an area as large as half the useful lands of Egypt; our potato crop covers more acres than Belgium contains; our tobacco and buckwheat crops would use up every inch of land in Wales, and the entire area covered by our ten great crops represents a total larger than France and Great Britain combined.

An important innovation in the last fifty years was the department-store—the metropolitan form of the general store of the rural four corners. Our department-stores were not known as such until LESLIE'S was about twenty years old—about 1875. Changed industrial conditions following the Civil War led to changes in business methods; close figuring became necessary to secure margin of profit—hence the assembling of many stores under one roof and one management. Why not gather all commodities in one place? Merchants of the 'seventies asked themselves this question. It was answered by A. T. Stewart, and Ridley, and Lord & Taylor; by Marshall Field, John Wanamaker, Jordan & Marsh, and others. Now there are shops of the "Meet-me-at-the-fountain" class in every city, with restaurant, library, reading and writing-rooms, savings bank, telegraph office—all the conveniences of a club-house while you do your shopping.

In literature the progress has been so great that we are to-day the greatest nation of readers on earth. Following the Civil War there was indeed

Continued on page 568.



Shave at Home with “Florafoam”

TRADE MARK



- ¶ Entirely new and Entirely Good! A transparent fragrant jelly in a convenient collapsible tube. Makes more and better lather than any soap.
- ¶ Possesses rare emollient qualities and is perfumed with the fragrance of flowers.
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Send us your name and address, also the name and address of two of your friends who shave themselves and we will send you at once—charges all paid—a sample tube of fragrant
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How Frank Leslie Started the First Illustrated Weekly



THE LATE FRANK LESLIE,
The able and famous founder of LESLIE'S
WEEKLY, America's oldest illustrated paper.

American magazine and newspaper the fate of LESLIE'S WEEKLY—the oldest by a year, to live, of any American illustrated paper—balanced on just two subscriptions; and how, with this slight encouragement, Frank Leslie led the procession of illustrated papers in this country, is a striking example of progress and an interesting bit of history. During an hour spent recently with Mrs. Frank Leslie in her luxurious New York apartments, the following reminiscences of the ups and downs of early journalism were extracted from various records, assisted by the memory of the charming woman who for many years held the editorship of LESLIE'S, and who represents the pioneer woman editor in this country:

Frank Leslie, whose real name was Henry Carter, began his career with the London *Illustrated News*. As a *nom de plume* he adopted the name of Leslie, and later, finding it difficult to have a social name Carter and a business one Leslie, he had the change made by Legislature, and became the lawful owner of the name which he afterward made world-famous. Coming to this country filled with ambition, and teeming with ideas which he was impatient to put to test, Frank Leslie found a financier before whom he laid his plans. His enthusiasm was contagious and it was decided then and there to launch a new periodical; and so fifty years ago began the career of American illustrated journalism, which has now reached a state of perfection little dreamed of at that time. Like most new enterprises the beginning was uncertain, and before the first number was printed there were misgivings. Leslie was advised to abandon the new idea and to conduct his magazine along old lines. But for two subscriptions found in the mail one morning, the advice would probably have been followed, and successful American illustrated journalism would undoubtedly have been delayed indefinitely. On opening the letters, one especially blue morning, Leslie triumphantly waved two subscriptions in the air and exclaimed: "There are two men in America who want my paper, and they shall have it." Shortly after that American readers began to enjoy the advantage of seeing the events of the day pictured.

From the first publication Frank Leslie imparted a series of electric shocks to conservative publishers of periodicals. It was he who first devised the ingenious scheme for cutting down the time required for the production of an illustration from fourteen days to one. He accomplished this by the simple expedient of setting a dozen or more engravers working at the same time on a single picture. That was before photography or electrotyping, or any of the newfangled contrivances now used, had come in. The only means of reproducing a sketch was by engraving the picture on wood. Leslie invented the plan of cutting up the pictures and the wooden engraving blocks on which they were to be redrawn into forty squares for a double-block page, each engraver taking a number of squares and a section of picture. When all had done their work the wooden squares were screwed together again so exactly that it was rarely possible in the printed illustration to see where the divisions had been made. Application of that principle to illustrated journalism in war-time made Leslie's fortune. Everybody bought the periodical which presented real war pictures fourteen days before the old-style publications got around. There were twelve LESLIE'S correspondents at the front during the Civil War—an enormous number in those days.

The same ideas and the same enterprise were adopted in connection with other events. Tom Sayers, the famous English pugilist, was to meet Heenan, the American fistic champion, in the ring in England. Everybody was stirred up about the

WITH THE news-stands filled with monthly, weekly, and daily illustrated papers and magazines, and thousands of persons employed in making more to supply the demand, it seems scarcely possible that only half a century ago the mere suggestion of an illustrated paper in New York was a subject for doubt and comment as to its future. The beginning of illustration, how

event and wanted to know all about it when it took place. This was forty-five years ago and there were no cable dispatches to tell the result. Leslie sent to England writers, artists, and engravers. A special train brought them from the ring-side at Godalming to Southampton after the fight. The steamer was held there for four hours to enable them to catch it. When once on board the writers set to work to describe the fight; the artists completed their sketches; the engravers cut these up into sections and cut the pictures on the prepared blocks they had carried with them. The party landed with a long account of the fight prepared, sketches of the scenes engraved—everything ready. The written articles were rushed into type, the wood cuts inserted, the presses set going and, presto!—there was FRANK LESLIE'S on sale with a detailed description and pictures of the great fistic contest almost as soon as the daily papers. The rival publications, out some ten days later with the same material, found the excitement over, the popular curiosity satisfied, and their papers a drug on the market.

After a series of great successes with the sixteen publications which were all Frank Leslie's, there came losses through too great ambition; and when the editor and proprietor died, in the early 'eighties, all that was left to his beautiful widow, who has since become as famous in the history of American magazine-dom as her husband, were debts and an opportunity. But Mrs. Leslie proved to be a sort of commercial Joan of Arc, and fully equal to the heavy responsibilities which had been thrust upon her. She showed herself a masterly executive, a brilliant news-gatherer, and an inspiring leader. Taking up the thread dropped by her husband, she made the world hear of her and buy her publications. "The public shall have the newest news," was her motto, and it was the keynote of her success, which was phenomenal from the time she first shouldered the duties of editing LESLIE'S. The first news matter of vital importance to the nation, and which occurred during the first week of her managerial duties, was the assassination of President Garfield, and here Mrs. Leslie saw her opportunity. To the consternation of the employés, the papers on the press were ordered out, regardless of the loss, and the matter in detail concerning the tragedy, with pictures to illustrate the same, was rushed through, LESLIE'S being on the stands three days before any of the rival weeklies succeeded in gathering and printing the account.

During the lingering of the President, the LESLIE'S presses were worked day and night, with an extra force, and three papers a week were printed, each filled with pictures and the very latest reports—a bit of enterprise of which the public showed its appreciation by buying the papers and calling for more. Fully fifty thousand dollars clear was made by giving to the world the latest accounts of the assassination. Not less than thirty thousand papers, with the report and illustrations of the burial ceremonies, were sold in Cleveland alone. The next big money made under Mrs. Leslie's management was on a cover design; for in those days the beautiful covers which now adorn even the mediocre magazines were absolutely unknown. As in other lines, LESLIE'S again led the procession with decorative covers. The first, a conventional design, drawn by Gillam and reproduced in gray and black, sold thousands of copies and cleared ten thousand dollars.

When LESLIE'S celebrated its twentieth anniversary the artists who composed the staff honored the occasion by giving a banquet to the founder and editor, Frank Leslie. During the evening a presentation of

original sketches from each artist who had helped to build the reputation of the newspaper was made. Many of the names represented in the framed collection have since become famous. Thomas Nast was a graduate from the LESLIE'S office, where he began his career by making sketches of the shipping. His first salary as office-boy for Mr. Leslie was three dollars a week. Other artists on the staff at that time were: A. Berghaus, J. Keppler, J. E. Taylor, Joseph Becker, C. Kendric, Mat Morgan, Felix Deganey, Ben Day, and John Hyde. Of the early contributors an interesting bit about the Californian poet, Joaquin Miller, is worth re-telling. When his first contribution to LESLIE'S was accepted a blank check was forwarded to him by the editor. Evidently the poet-author indicated a modest valuation of his efforts, for the rule of allowing him to fill in his own check for his contributions obtained through the life of Mr. Leslie, and was also adopted by his widow when she assumed the editorship. In this peculiar business transaction it is safe to say that Joaquin Miller alone holds the honor, for an editor allowing the average contributor the privilege of drawing a check for the amount he considers his poems worth would soon put the most prosperous publication out of business.

Although Mrs. Frank Leslie has withdrawn from the active life of magazine publishing, she still continues to write, and many terse comments on events of the day, read with enjoyment by thinking people, are from her pen.

How to Insure the Peace of the World.

THE SUGGESTION has been made that a triple alliance to insure the peace of the world should be formed by Great Britain, France, and the United States. This should prove a most effective combination. It would bring into unison one-third of the population of the globe, with a fighting force of 4,700,000 men and 1,056 battle-ships. Japan would doubtless co-operate with the alliance, thus adding to its strength.

Fifty Years of the World's Progress.

Continued from page 506.

no end to the making of books. And the books sold. A score of different novels have had a sale each of over half a million, and one book, "In His Steps," by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, sold over 700,000 copies. When LESLIE'S WEEKLY was first published the Library of Congress held less than 100,000 volumes. To-day the new \$7,000,000 Congressional Library has nearly a million volumes. In the United States as a whole we have over 10,000 libraries, containing over 40,000,000 volumes. We have even invented the traveling library for rural populations, and of these we have over 2,500, containing 200,000 volumes.

In art, even twenty years after the birth of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, the United States was at low ebb, and artists were looked upon as non-producers, unworthy of a place in the great scheme of the country's progress. At that time it was the usual thing to ask, sneeringly: "Who buys an American picture?" The answer was: "Almost nobody." What a change in American sentiment since those days! To-day we have half a dozen art societies the works of whose members are bought not only by Americans, but by art lovers the world over. Our illustrators alone now lead the world, receiving the highest prices for their work and finding this in good demand.

Such are some of the great achievements of the last half-century. The marvelous progress of the country in every regard up to the present time is a mere hint of what we are likely to accomplish in the future. At least we have held our own in the general onward march of nations. It is therefore natural if Americans sometimes indulge in superlatives when speaking of the progress made since the issue of the first number of LESLIE'S WEEKLY fifty years ago. Yet in this story, far stranger than fiction, the half has not been told.



SKETCHES PRESENTED TO FRANK LESLIE BY HIS STAFF ARTISTS ON THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."—Photograph by A. E. Dunn.

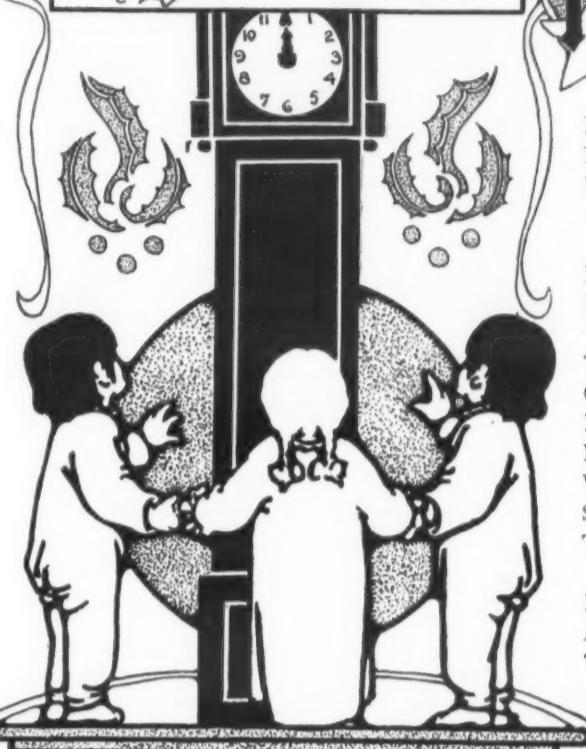


MRS. FRANK LESLIE,
The brilliant former editor and manager of LESLIE'S WEEKLY and other publications.

Christmas up to Date

By Jane Fraser

CWAS the night before Christmas in our house, too; But of noise there was plenty, and sounds quite a few: Sudden shutting of doors, quick steps on the stair. What is it? They're preparing for Santa Claus there. All of the babies from far and from near, Little cousins and sisters, and wee ones most dear, Have come up to grandpa's. Over night they must stay And watch for the Santa Claus, reindeer, and sleigh. " Didn't he promise, the first thing he would do Was straight from the North Pole to come and see you?" There's a mystery about. Hush! what can it be? It must be—it is—Santa Claus with the tree. Back to the nursery and hop into bed, Breathe first a prayer out of each little head, " God bless my dear mother, and father, and all, And, dear God, don't forget those skates and that ball." Each little head cuddles into its nest; Each one is loved, and kissed, and caressed.

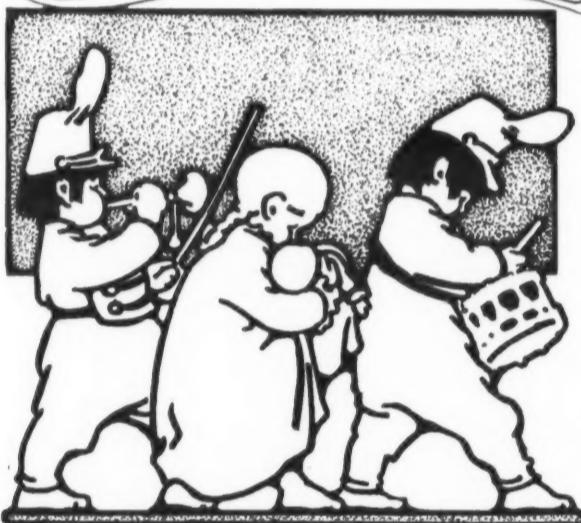


NIDNIGHT is coming, we watch for the chime, " Christ born in Bethlehem" is ever the rhyme.

Fetch down the children and light up the tree, Every one hurry their excitement to see. It's grandpa who calls as he climbs to the top, " Old Santa is here, come away and don't stop."

Little need for a second bidding that night, Heads pop up, feet scamper, all eyes are alight: " We're coming, dear grandpa; don't let him go 'way. Tho' he has many children, and we know he can't stay. Oh, nursie, please hurry, and where is my gown? He might run away before I get down." Never fear; there he is in front of the fire, With a kiss for each one and a voice like a crier, Saying: " Only a moment; you know quite well why. There are a million more kiddies, and they mustn't cry."

I must bring them what's left, tho' it looks to me small, And seems as tho' you 'uns had just got it all." They really don't hear him, and soon taking flight, Up the great chimney he has vanished from sight.

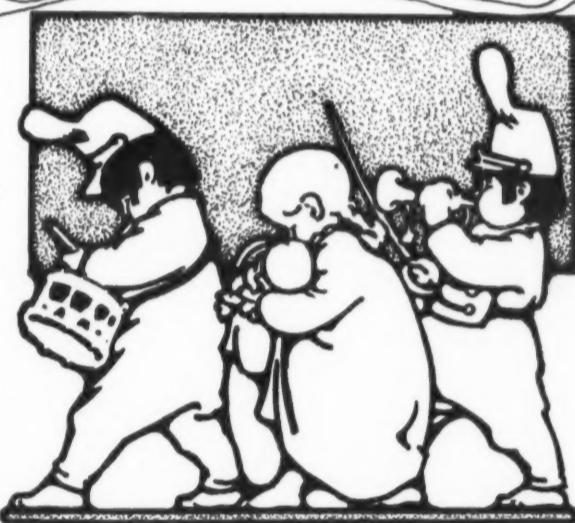


DELICIOUS aromas now waft up the stairs, For big ones must sup, and all unawares. And uncle must don a marvelous rig.

Just like the pictures in Christmas books big. What a hurry and scurry as all gather in, All talking at once—no one listening—a din; Of the play and the club, each telling his tale; And the Christmas-tree workers can also bewail The narrow escapes Ted on step-ladder had, How the angel would topple in a way that was sad.

Half the things for the tree were lost, any way, And had to be hunted, which took half a day. There are stories of candles that wouldn't ignite, And the efforts they made to have it all bright, Extra electrics to swell the glad day— The bill—"hang the bill"—in the same good old way.

Cares to the wind (there is plenty outside); Nothing but joy these occasions betide.



THE tree's all ablaze, and the horses, all ready, Are awaiting small boys to ride off quite steady. Swords to draw, guns to fire, real helmets to doff,

Rough-riders suits to take on and take off. Is there anything missing for girl or for boy? A book or a rattle, a game or a toy? They are speechless with wonder and trembling with glee;

Then fall to and play, it's a pleasure to see. Some one discovers a new thing each minute, Each one declares the rest are not in it. The older ones say in a quieter wise, " Just what I wanted," or, " What a surprise!" Each baby brings a fresh treasure to show, And really it's a Babel unusual, I know. One o'clock, two o'clock, sometimes 'most three, Before any one says, " That's enough now for me." And nurses gather their tired babies together, Each clasping the toy the best beloved ever, And soon into bed each birdie has flown, The last Christmas always the best ever known.

NANY the whispers from one to the other, " Don't you hear a queer noise in the chimney, brother?"

But out go the lights, and the eyelids soon close

As little tired limbs sink into repose.

With a faith that's abiding, each sweet little tot Knows the toys that he longed for are sure to be brought.

A wonder they sleep when right underneath There's a fetching and carrying of tree and of wreath, Holly, and mistletoto to make gay the place, " Merry Christmas to all," and a big Santa face. Boxes and bundles—such toys they disclose— Horses and wagons, engines, arrows, and bows. A whole row of dollies for little grand-girls, Pink dresses, blue dresses, dark and fair curls. Clothes which come off, and wigs which stay on, Trunks for more things that they sometimes may don.

What a confusion behind the closed door! Laughing and shouting, the room like a store. Grandmother moves about, fixing each toy, And smiles as she thinks of each girl and each boy.



An Artist's Interesting Recollections of Leslie's Weekly

By Joseph Becker



JOHN HYDE,
One of Frank Leslie's corps of capable
artists.

IN THE year 1859, at the age of seventeen, I entered the service of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER as an errand boy. My duties included waiting upon members of the art staff, with some of whom I afterward worked on equal terms. Among the artists well known in their day employed on the paper at that time were Samuel Wallin, Albert Berghaus, Granville Perkins, Harry Stephens (afterward proprietor of *Vanity Fair*), and W. Jewett. During the course of the Civil War, which broke out in 1861, the following experts were added to the force: George White, Paul Dixon, W. Momberger, Arthur Lumley, Thomas Hogan, W. Hennessey, Frank Schell, W. Crane, Henry Lovie, Stanley Fox, Frank Bellew, and Edwin Forbes. Of all these men only Lumley and Schell are still alive. Coming in contact, as I did daily, with enthusiastic artists, I soon aspired to be a picture-maker myself. Gradually I picked up the rudiments of art, and at length began to practice in earnest. I was encouraged in my ambitions by my superiors, and even by Mr. Leslie himself. I not only learned to use the crayon, but also the engraver's tool.

Mr. Leslie, who was himself a first-class engraver, was severe in his judgment of my work. I have to thank him, however, for the exacting standard he set up for me. It made me toil harder and more carefully. The paper at the date of my first connection with it was published in a building on Spruce Street, New York. It afterward moved from one place to another until it got to 110 Fifth Avenue, with its name modified to LESLIE'S WEEKLY, and in 1903 it betook itself to its present quarters in the Parker Building, No. 225 Fourth Avenue. I was employed on it in one capacity or another from 1859 to 1900—forty-one years—and for the last twenty-five years of that period I was the manager of its art department.

The great war between the North and the South began in 1861, and I was extremely anxious to go to the field, but my fitness for service in the war belt was not recognized until 1863. Mr. Leslie had sent out artist after artist to the leading points of military operations in the East, but had had considerable ill-luck with them. This eventually caused Mr. Leslie to order me to the front with my sketching outfit. I suppose that I was the youngest artist sent to the field during the war. In parting with me Mr. Leslie said, solemnly: "Joseph, I don't expect to ever see you alive again." I was a slender, delicate fellow, and nobody believed that I could stand the wear and tear of the life I was to lead. But active existence, largely in the open air, caused a distinct improvement in my health, and I grew to be hearty and robust. On the whole, I found that part of my career spent with the army exceedingly interesting. I had many a sad and wearisome time, but a great deal of the enjoyable also fell to my lot. And what a wealth of varied experience I had—such as few men can possibly have.

I witnessed all the important battles in the East from Gettysburg to Appomattox. I accompanied the armies of the Potomac and the James in their marches and engagements, and viewed the operations around Fort Fisher. I got acquainted with all the leading generals from Grant down, and hundreds of stirring incidents came to my notice. I was in at Lee's surrender, and I was in Richmond, the ex-capital of the Confederacy, when he arrived there from Appomattox. Never shall I forget the remarkable ovation given to the fallen chieftain by the inhabitants of the city. Whichever I went, from 1863 to 1865, I gathered materials for pictures, and as I was a hard worker I managed to keep the paper well supplied with war features. Many of my drawings were reproduced in the pages of LESLIE'S and I accumulated a vast number of unused sketches and studies. One of my drawings made during the war period, and never before published, appears in this number of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. It is entitled, "Last Christmas in the Field of the Army of the Potomac."

After the close of the great conflict I was dispatched to London to depict scenes connected with the laying of the Atlantic cable. The cable was to be taken out on the steamer *Great Eastern*, and I hoped to be a passenger on the vessel when she sailed for Newfoundland,



GROUP OF LEADING ARTISTS EMPLOYED ON "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" IN THE EARLY 'SEVENTIES.
Left to right: seated—Albert Berghaus, Joseph Becker, James E. Taylor. Standing—W. Yeager, T. de Thulstrup, J. H. Wales, S. Steele, R. Stewart, A. Schimpf, F. Opper.

paying out the cable on the way. But the managers of the company refused passage to all artists and correspondents, and I made my way otherwise to Heart's Content, Newfoundland, where the American end of the submarine telegraph was to be landed. It was an out-of-the-way locality. Some thirty other artists and writers also assembled there. The *Great Eastern* was looked for at any hour, but she failed to appear. For thirty-eight days we were marooned in that forsaken place, with only rude accommodations and meagre fare. We grew utterly disgusted, wearied, and ennuied long before a sailing-vessel stole into the bay and notified us that the laying of the cable had been deferred. We lost no time after that in departing for civilization. My fellow-artists had refrained from making sketches at Heart's Content. But I had made drawings of the bay, the coast and hamlet, and so when, a year later, the *Great Eastern* actually dropped the cable on Heart's Content beach, FRANK LESLIE'S was the only paper which published illustrations of the locality.

I next did general work until 1872, when Mr. Leslie commissioned me to go to California to portray the Chinese who had come over in large numbers to build the Union Pacific Railway. These people were then a novel addition to our population, and Mr. Leslie planned a "scoop" on our competitors. My destination was kept a secret. I reached California in due time, spent six weeks among the Celestials, making many drawings, and then went back to Salt Lake City, where I also tarried a while, taking in pictorial features of Mormonism. In both these missions I scored "beats." The trip was also noteworthy for a reason more personal than the above. On the way West I was taken from Omaha to the Pacific coast on a special train chartered by Albert Pullman, brother of George Pullman, of Pullman palace-car fame. There was quite a party on board, and when a particularly fine bit of scenery showed itself several of the passengers would rush to the rear platform in order to get a better view. This suggested to me the idea of building what I named an "observation car." I furnished designs for this to Mr. Pullman, which afterward were utilized. I may therefore fairly claim to have been the inventor of what is now a feature on all great railways.

As I have already stated, I became manager of the art department of FRANK LESLIE'S in 1875. Among the leading artists then, or later, on the staff were the following: Matt Morgan, John Hyde, Joseph Keppler, Ben Day, T. de Thulstrup, Charles Kendrick, A. Berghaus, James E. Taylor, Sam Frizzell, William Frizzell, F. Miranda, J. H. Wales, F. Opper, W. Yeager, L. Schimpf, H. Ogden, T. Beach, D. Fisher, John Harley, Georgie Davis, Paul Frenzen, E. Jump, W. Goater, C. Upham, and C. Bunnell. Notwithstanding I was the chief of the department, I often had to respond to "emergency calls" myself, and at last it came to pass that when any important event requiring illustration took place Becker had to go. I always in those days kept a satchel, already packed, in the office, and was prepared to leave at a moment's notice. Partly because I had become the regular pictorial reporter, and partly because I was born in and was familiar with the region, I went, in 1877, to northeastern Pennsylvania to depict scenes in the sensational "Mollie Maguire" troubles.

The "Mollie Maguires" comprised numerous lawless men whose criminal organization had had its origin in ordinary labor difficulties. Coal miners had gone on strike, and some of them had resorted to acts of violence. Eventually members of the band perpetrated all manner of crimes, including murder. I fell in with a detective, and together, unsuspected, but



FERNANDO MIRANDA,
An old-time member of the art staff of
LESLIE'S WEEKLY.—Mora.

taking great risks, we traveled about, coming in contact with many "Mollies," and even getting on familiar terms with their leaders. In this way we acquired inside information which was of avail to the prosecuting officers. On June 21st, 1877, seven chiefs of the "Mollie Maguires" were hanged at Pottsville, Penn. Before their condemnation I had visited them in jail, had had a friendly talk with them, and they had laughed at the idea of being convicted.

I could not bear to see these men swing, and so I absented myself from their execution. Afterward I received from the executioner (the detective aforesaid) a two and a half inch section of each rope used in the hanging. I have these grim souvenirs still. The "Mollie Maguire" pictures formed a feature of LESLIE'S that attracted much attention.

There was a multitude of other big assignments which I have neither time nor space to mention. I made expeditions to many places in the Union. I met hosts of prominent men. My last important duty was to attend the funeral, at New Orleans, of Jefferson Davis, the ex-President of the Southern Confederacy.

A most gratifying feature of my long connection with FRANK LESLIE'S was the intimacy which grew up between Mr. Leslie and myself. Mr. Leslie was like a father to me. He was a great publisher and an able editor. His business maxim was, "Never shoot over the heads of the people." Accordingly he studied the taste of the public, and every occurrence of interest was pictured in his publication. His successes were many, but the principal things which gave his paper a great "boost" were his anti-swill-milk crusade in 1858, the pictures of the Sayers-Heenan prize-fight in 1860, which ran the sales of the paper up to nearly 350,000, and his enterprise in depicting the events of the Civil War. The war pictures gave the paper an immense circulation. After a big battle, and when the public mind was greatly excited, it was not unusual for Mr. Leslie to issue an extra almost daily.

For his service to the people in the matter of impure milk Mr. Leslie was presented with a costly gold watch, which on the inside of the back cover contains the inscription: "Presented to Frank Leslie in behalf of the mothers and children of New York as a grateful testimonial of his manly and fearless exposure of the swill-milk traffic. Dec. 25, 1858."

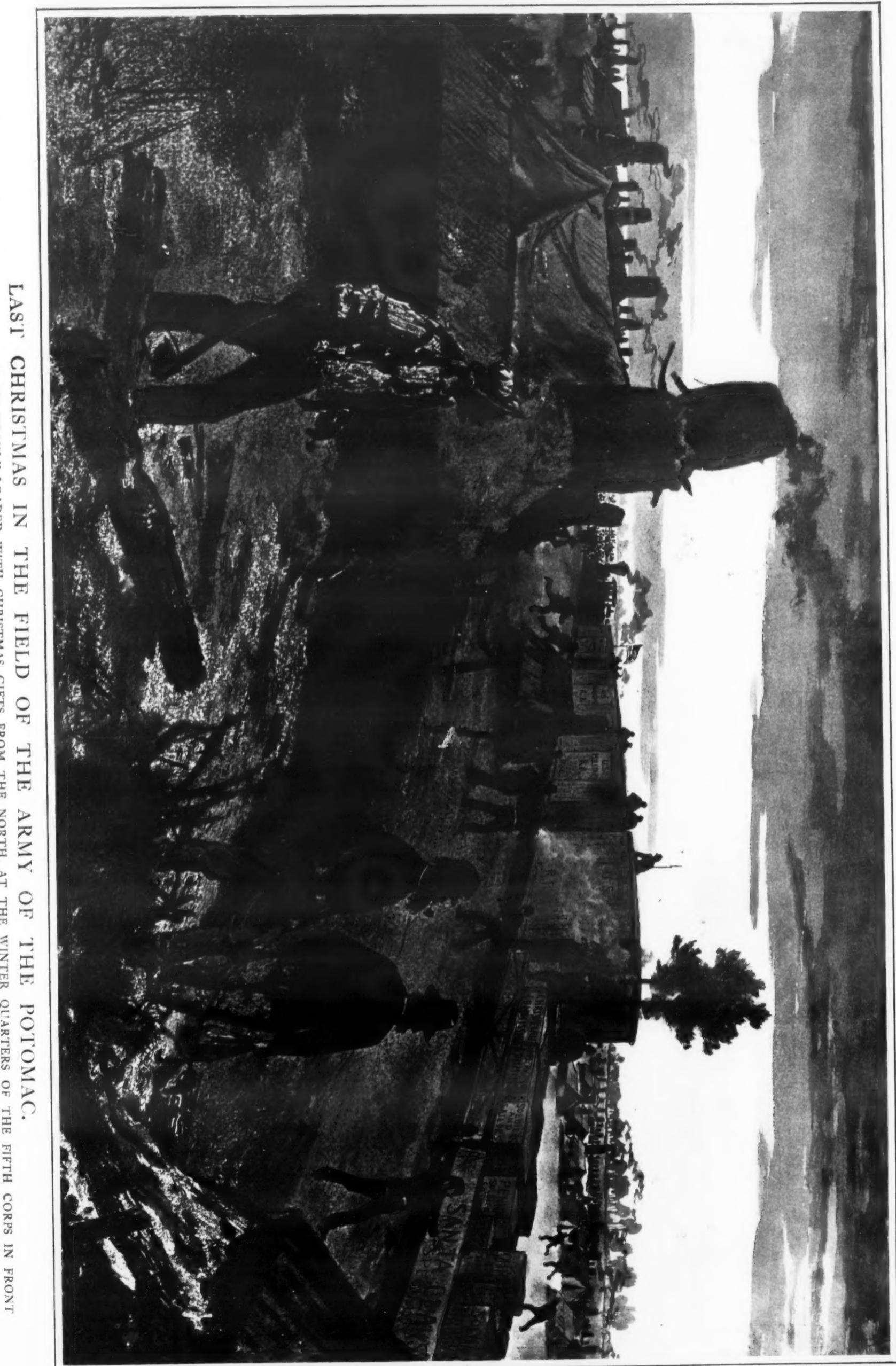
On the inner cover of the timepiece appears the following: "To Joseph Becker, in memory of Frank Leslie's regard and appreciation." This much-treasured relic was given to me at Mr. Leslie's own request, made before his death in 1880. Because of its associations I prize it far above any other single thing that I own.

Old Guard of "Leslie's" Typesetters.

BUT A FEW of the many men employed by Mr. Frank Leslie in his composing-room a generation ago are known to be still in the land of the living. Of those who worked in that department in the years 1871-3 only the following are believed to be alive: E.S. Rankine, at present on the *Yorkshire Evening Post*, at Leeds, England; Matthew McCabe, now proprietor of the Berkeley Press, New York; John Macklin, engaged at Martin B. Brown's, Park Place, New York, as proof-reader; Charles L. Moore, employed on the make-up of *Judge*; David D. Gardner, a compositor on LESLIE'S; Mr. Lemar, now a successful physician, with an office on Beach Street, New York; Moses McBrien, who had charge of the make-up of the *Chimney Corner*; Edward Cook, foreman of the composing-room of LESLIE'S WEEKLY; James Hughes, Arthur Rogers, Edward Palmer; Otto Osterwald, once in charge of the German LESLIE'S; David Levy; Charles Dumar, ex-president of Typographical Union No. 6, who now has lunch privileges at Ellis Island.

A GLASS of soda and a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters make a pleasing drink and act as a tonic.

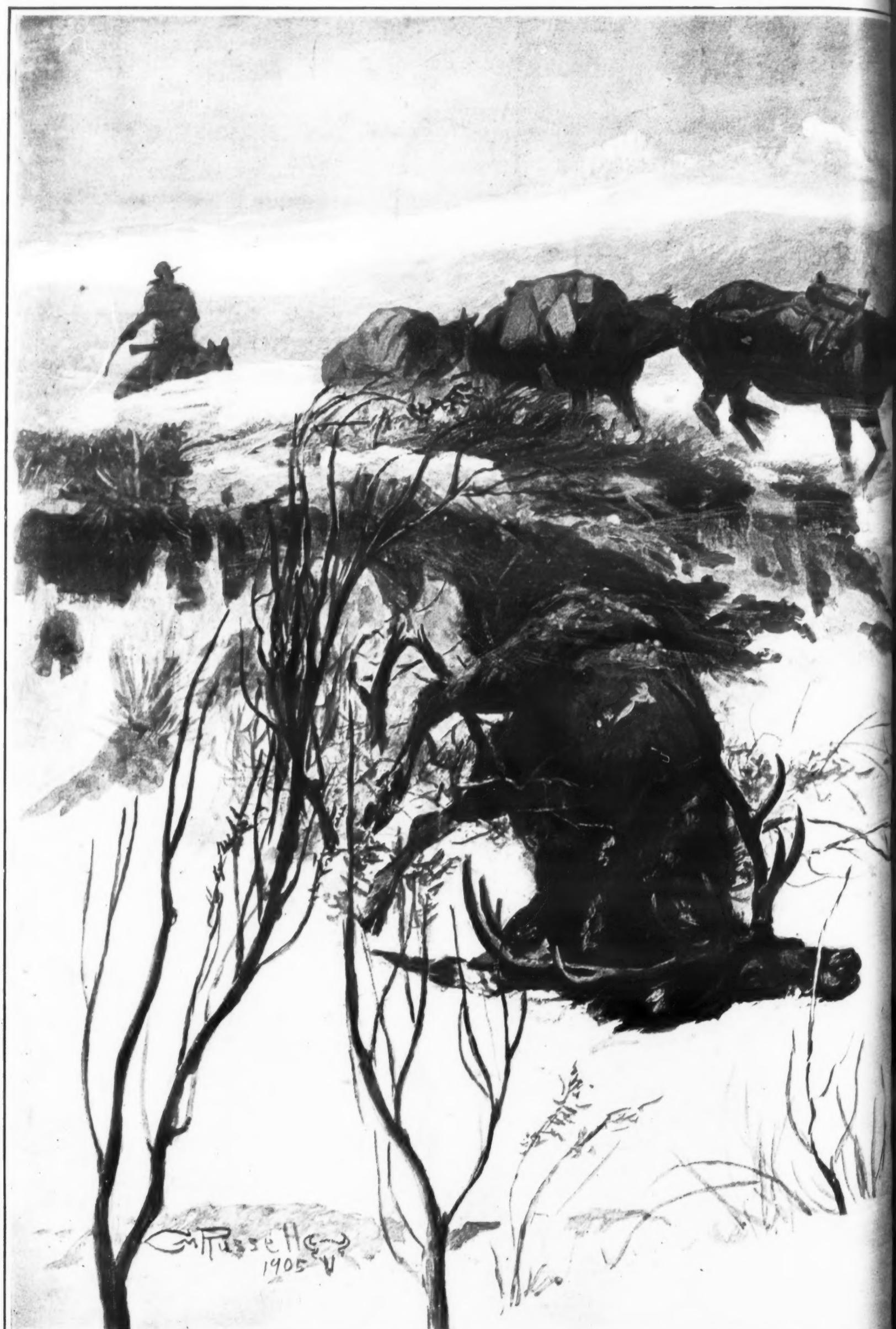
WELCOME ANNIVERSARY OF PETERSBURG, VA., ON DECEMBER 24TH, 1864.—Drawn by Joseph Becker, from a sketch made by him while a special visitor at the time of the battle.



LAST CHRISTMAS IN THE FIELD OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

WELCOME ARRIVAL OF THE "SANTA CLAUS TRAIN," LOADED WITH CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM THE NORTH, AT THE WINTER QUARTERS OF THE FIFTH CORPS IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG, VA., ON DECEMBER 24TH, 1864.—*Drawn by Joseph Becker, from a sketch made by him while a special war artist for "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper."*

LESLIE'S



CHRISTMAS DINNER FOR
WHILE THE PACK-TRAIN IS CROSSING THE BLEAK AND SNOW-CLAD ROCKIES THE GUIDE
Drawn for Leslie's Weekly by Charles

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Charles

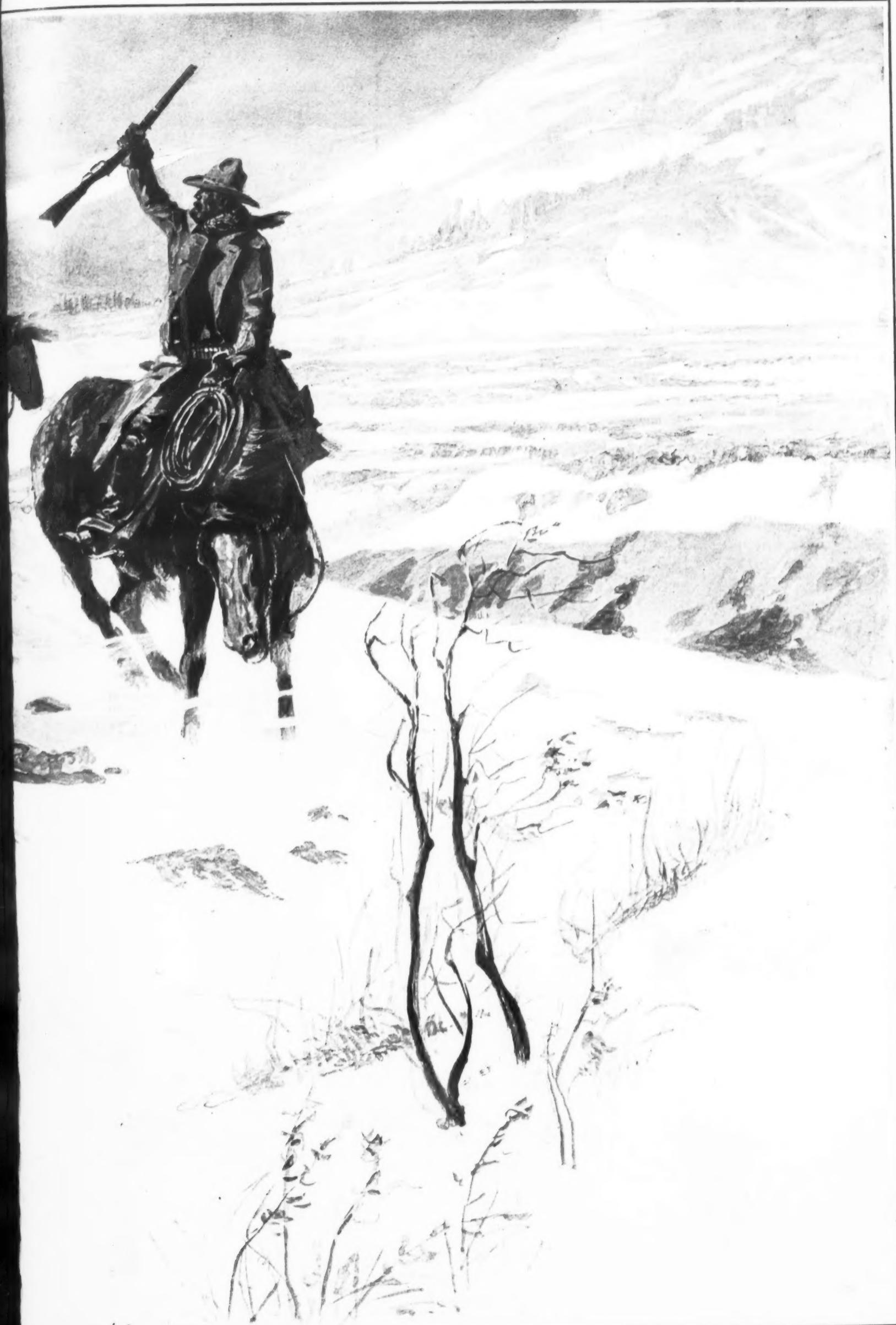
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Russell,

WEEKLY



THE MEN ON THE TRAIL.

CUTS A STAG, WHICH MAKES A WELCOME ADDITION TO THE MOUNTAINEERS' LARDER.
Russell, the famous "cowboy artist."



MRS. PUFFER'S FREAK DINNER

BY J. L. HARBOUR

"AIN'T YOU glad it's all over with?"

Mrs. Puffer's question, fired at me the moment I entered my laundry one morning in December, implied some occult knowledge on my part of the various ramifications of her fertile mind. Suddenly recalling my own sense of relief from the stress and strain of the holiday season, I said :

"Do you mean Christmas, Mrs. Puffer?"

"Sure! Of course it ain't so upsettin' to me as it is to a good many others, me not havin' much to spend, and not many to expect anything from me, but it's been a mighty upsettin' piece o' bizness in some places where I washes. One o' my customers told me that she should want to go to bed and lay there a week when the tree and ev'rything was over with at her house. It's with Christmas as it is with lots of other things in our country nowadays; it's dreadfully over-done, don't you think?"

"I don't know but that you are right about that, Mrs. Puffer," I said, remembering my own distractions consequent on the holiday season.

"I know the preacher at our mission talked the other Sunday about the 'Christmas spirit' being lost sight of in so much of our givin' nowadays. I sensed just what he meant if I can't explain it very well. You ketch on, too, don't you?"

"I think I do."

"The idee was that a body ought to give from the heart, and not just for show. Well, Puffer give me a nice hot-water bag and a hull box o' the best laundry-soap for my Christmas gifts. I hope they come from the heart, but I dunno. A hull box o' soap that will last me a year, and a dollar and a quarter hot-water bottle ain't to be sneezed at, no matter if there wa'n't any great amount of heart back of 'em. They was real sensible presents and a good deal more appropriate than a op'ry fan or a pair o' white-kid slippers would

been for me. There was Joe Durky in our block, he got his wife a big red-plush album with a lookin'-glass in the back, and they ain't got a photograph to put in it but one o' the tomb o' Grant and one o' Pres'dent Roozyfelt. That's all, and the album will hold a hundred pictures. And Sam Burke got his wife a two-dollar mannyecure set in a satin-lined case, and she scrubs stairs from mornin' till night in a big block over on Lexington Avenue. She'll need that mannyecure set, now won't she? Sam said he just grabbed up the knife she'd taken from the mannyecure box. Lots o' this Christmas buyin' is just that

senseless. I got Puffer two suits o' lamb's wool underthings and a four-pound jar o' smokin' tobacker and a map o' Palestine, that I bought of a poor, bedraggled agent one day, just to help her out. How in time do you reckon a woman ever makes a livin' trotin' round sellin' maps o' Palestine and a patent hair-frizzers?"

"I am sure I do not know, Mrs. Puffer."

"That was all she had to sell. I took a map and the lady in the tenement next to mine took one o' the hair-frizzers,

and she got it too hot the first time she used it, and it stuck on her hair some way and burned off ev'ry scrap of her front hair on one side. Mad? Don't mention it! And her gittin' ready to go to the lady floorwalkers' ball that night! But didn't Puffer tumble into a tub o' butter in the way of a Christmas gift! Well, I reckon!"

"How was that?"

"Why, the gentlemen in the office, where he runs the elevator, chipped in and sent him home with a sixteen-pound turkey and a big basket plum full of ev'rything any one need want for a Christmas dinner, to say nothin' of a ten-dollar bill in his pocket. He come home on velvet, and was ready to fall in with anything I wanted. You let a man have a ten-dollar bill in his pocket that he the same as picked up off the street, and let him sniff a fine dinner at the same time, and a lamb ain't in it with him when it comes to bein' gentle and tractable. There's one thing about me, ma'am, I ain't mean. I mean that I ain't one that wants to keep a pleasure all to myself. I got that much o' the Christmas spirit in me, anyhow. I'm one that

thinks that a pleasure shared is a pleasure doubled; and when I see that big, fat turkey that we couldn't eat the fourth of, and thought o' some I knew that wouldn't have any turkey at all on Christmas, I says to Puffer, says I:

"Puffer, let's make a Christmas frolic out o' all this stuff."

"What you mean?" says he.

"Why," says I, "let's go out into the highways and byways, and compel, as the Good Book says, others to come in and share our turkey and other stuff with us."

"I reckon you won't have to do very much compellin'," says Puffer. "If you made the invitation too gen'ral we

wouldn't get even the neck o' the turkey."

"I don't want to make it gen'ral," says I; "but I'd like to ask in some that I know ain't known what the taste o' turkey and other Christmas fixin's is for many a year—some that Christmas won't bring a thing to but mebbe sorrier mem'ries," says I. Then I went on and named them I'd like to ask in, and Puffer he grinned and says :

"What kind of a freak dinner you tryin' to spring on me. They ought to git you to manage their freak affairs down at Newport when the silly season is on; blamed if they hadn't!"

"Well," says I, "if I couldn't think up anything better than some o' their performances I'd feel that I'd better feed on fish altogether until I got a little gray matter in my brain—for they say fish makes that kind o' matter. You may call it a freak dinner or anything else you want to if you'll only fall in with the idee," says I; and he did, and that's how I happen to of had a freak dinner Christmas."

She sliced some thin layers of soap into the boiler on the laundry stove before adding :

"I begun with an ex-convict. What you think o' that?"

"You must have had the real Christmas spirit if you did that, Mrs. Puffer."

"Oh, I did. I asked him in a reg'lar 'go-and-sin-no-more' spirit. He's a man named Sim Fyler, who had to do time for something he did under tremendous provocation, and there was plenty o' what they call 'extenuatin' circumstances' in his case, and folks had no bizness givin' him the cold shoulder the way they did when he come out. He'd done full and lawful penance for his sin, and if there was any time folks ought to show the forgivin' spirit it's at Christmas time, so I put poor Sim Fyler on my list, and if he didn't look at me perfectly dazed when I first asked him to come, and then he bu'st right into tears. I don't go much on weepin' men, but somehow I didn't blame Sim much after all he'd gone through, and the way some that wa'n't his betters was treatin' him."

"Then I climbed five flights o' dirty stairs to reach one little gloomy back room, where Miss Bixter lives—pore, forlorn critter that she is. Mebbe you've seen her down town. She's the woman that stands on the street corners in the shoppin' districts and sells bed-tickin' iron-holders that she makes herself, and crotched lace that I couldn't imagine any one ever buyin'. I don't believe she makes two dollars some weeks, and her rent is a dollar a week. She lives there in one room, and ev'rything in it wouldn't fetch five dollars under the red flag. Her main objection to comin' was that she hadn't a thing to wear, but I told her it wouldn't be a dress-up party by a long shot; and she got to weepin', too, but said she'd come, and thanked me over and over for givin' her a bid to my freak dinner, as Puffer called it, but you can bank on

it that I didn't call it that to her. She said she'd nothing to wear, but she wore a good deal more than I expected her to, and more than I'd of worn if I'd been in her place. She had on a faded green-and-red changeable silk skirt, new some years before the Civil War, I should say, judgin' from the make of it. It was split in a good many places and flounced to the waist belt. She wore a black alpaca basque with ragged jet trimmin's on it, and you never saw such an array o' beads and prize-package breastpins and odds and ends o' lace and ribbon as she had on. She'd tried to curl her little bit o' hair and had made a dreadful mess of it, and she'd stuck a limp old green ostrich feather in her hair, and it kept wavin' in the silliest way that ever was. She looked freaky all right—pore soul! Wish you could of seen her."

"I wish I might have seen her."

"She was worth lookin' at. Then I invited a queer old chap they call 'the scholar' in our court, because he seems to spend all his time readin' queer-lookin' books. You always see him with one under his arm, and he spends hours in the second-hand book-stores nosin' round among the oldest books he can find. They say he has a little pension, and he lives on it in one little room at the top of a big tenement-house. He's as inoffensive as a jelly-fish, and about as much use in the world, far as I kin see. Dreadful seedy, and I've seen him in the dead o' winter without any socks on, and his bare feet showin' through the holes in his shoes, but with books under his arm, and I know for a fact that he stays in bed all day some days in the winter to keep warm. Wasn't he a good candidate for a

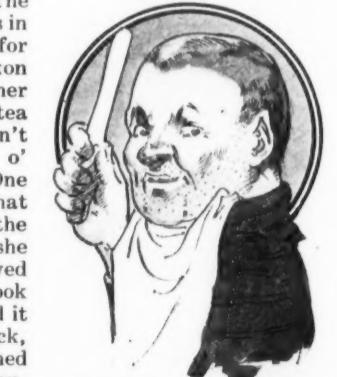
freak dinner?"

"It would seem so."

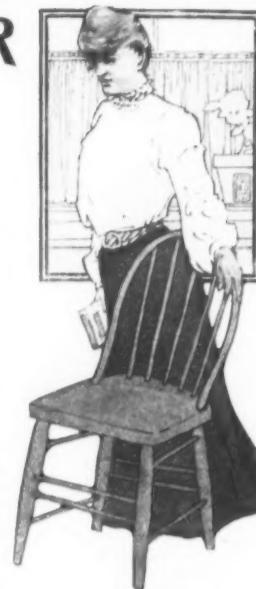
"He was a good person to fill up, to put it inelegantly, and so was Miss Melcher. She was a little old maid that worked in a box fact'ry, and was forever talkin' about her

'better days.' She would set by my kitchen stove hours at a time in the evenin' talkin' and talkin' about the dresses and hats she used to have and the parties she used to give in her 'better days.' And to tell you the plain truth I don't b'leeve a word of it. She reads silly novels ev'ry minnit when she isn't at work, and it's my candid belief that she's read so many and lived so much in an imaginary world that she thinks lots of things are real that have never been so. There's none o' the 'decayed gentlewoman' look about her. She's just common poor folks, and I don't b'leieve she's ever been anything else, but if she gits any good out o' her crazy imaginings why shouldn't she? You'd die laughing to see the little airs she tried to put on. The box fact'ry she works in has been shut down for a month, and I reckon her Christmas dinner would of been weak tea and dry bread if I hadn't asked her to be one o' my freak comp'ny. One thing that showed that she warn't up on the manners o' the folks she pretended to be decayed from was that she took her napkin and tucked it in all 'round her neck, and she eat mashed potators with a spoon. That was a terrible give-away, wa'n't it?"

"SETS UP TO BE LITERARY BECAUSE SHE MAKES PEN-WIPERS."



"THE EX-CONVICT PROPOSED A LITTLE DANCE."



"HE IS AS INOFFENSIVE AS A JELLY-FISH."

he got so tired lookin' round the first thing he saw in the last store he went into. I was in there yesterday and Sam's little girl was peelin' potatoes with the knife she'd taken from the mannyecure box. Lots o' this Christmas buyin' is just that

senseless. I got Puffer two suits o' lamb's wool underthings and a four-pound jar o' smokin' tobacker and a map o' Palestine, that I bought of a poor, bedraggled agent one day, just to help her out. How in time do you reckon a woman ever makes a livin' trotin' round sellin' maps o' Palestine and a patent hair-frizzers?"

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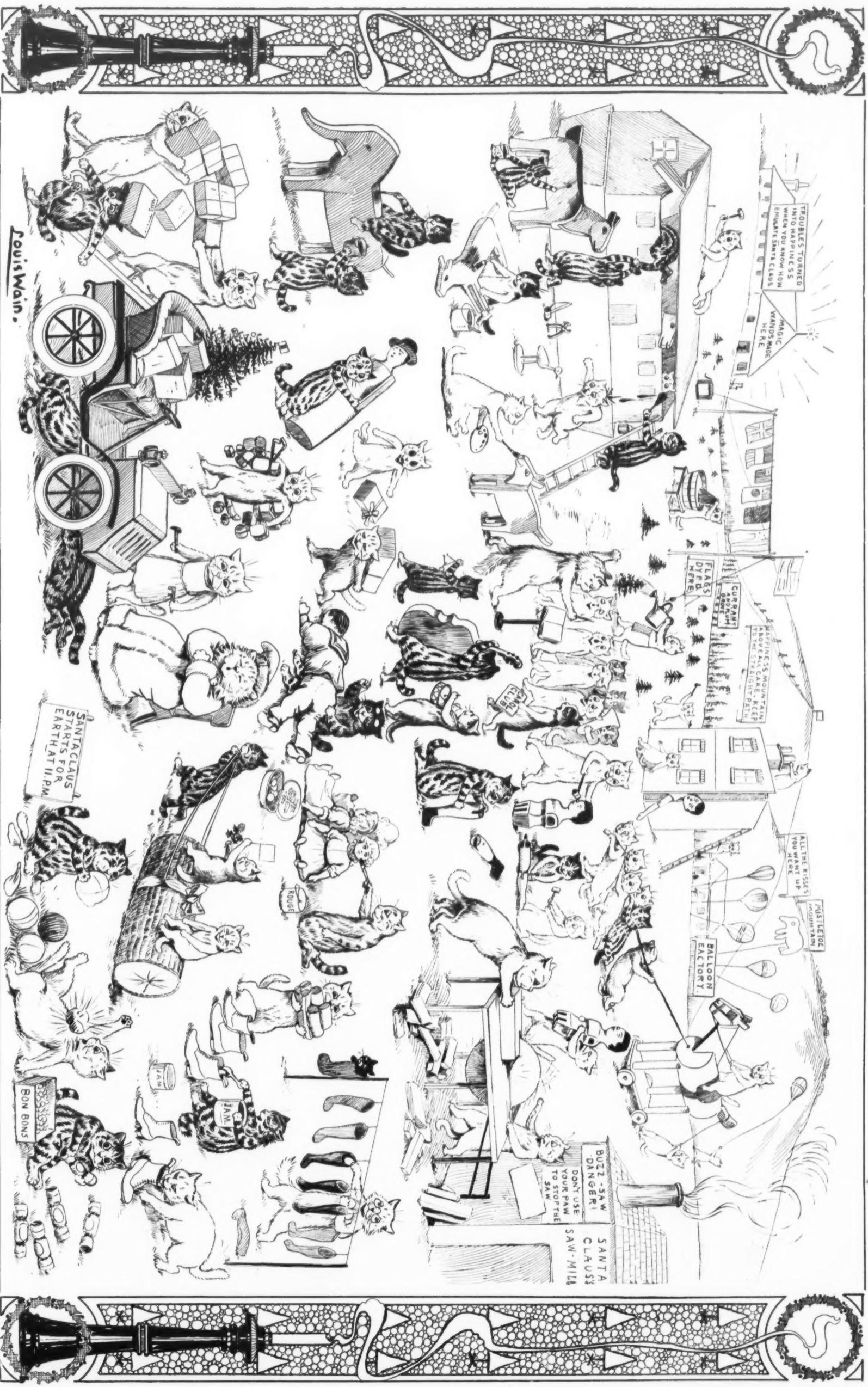
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CATLAND'S SANTA CLAUS ABOUT TO MAKE A CHRISTMAS-EVE TRIP.

LIVELY SCENES OF PREPARATION AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE TABBIES' BENEFACTOR, WHOSE UP-TO-DATE AUTO AWAITS ITS LOAD OF GIFTS.

Drawn by Louis Wain.

common ten-cent harmonica. He was a freak all right. That man would set in his cold little garret-room and play the harmonica six hours at a stretch. He can play anything on it and summer times he picks up a good deal at the beaches playin' on it, and then passin' round the hat. Summer evenin's he plays it for the children in the court to dance by, and he plays it for hours in his own room. He was a good match for old Mrs. Milligan, the last o' the six freaks I had to dinner. She has spent the most of her seventy years makin' pincushions and penwipers that she peddles around on the streets in a basket. Says she begun makin' 'em when she was ten years old. Think o' makin' pincushions and penwipers for sixty years—and the funny part of it is that she sets up to be literary because she makes penwipers! A certain big writer here in the city buys his penwipers of her, and he must be a good-hearted thing for he gave her a copy o' his last book, and she fitters it out that she helped him write it because she made the penwipers he used while he was writin' it. Did you ever? Then her husband was janitor of a public library most of his life, and that made him a member o' the literary perfection, the ways she looks at it. She's all alone in the world, and one o' the poor old bodies some one ought to remember at Christmas time, and I'm glad I did, and if she didn't bring a penwiper to lay at each plate—dear old thing! Queer how many 'unattached' forlorn old parties there are livin' all alone, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is."

"And if there's any time when one wants folks it's at Christmas time—own folks, I mean. I declare I'm thankful to have even Puffer then, if he isn't much to look at. He's ruther a good sort, as men run nowa-

days, and when I think that he doesn't drink like a fish and that he sticks to his job, faithful year in and year out, and doesn't loaf 'round on the streets nights and ain't grumpy more'n half the time, I feels that I might of drove my ducks to a wuss market than I did when I married him, and so we git along well as the averidge. He never throws his first wife up at me and I never go to makin' no comparisons between him and my first husband—and that goes a good way toward keepin' peace in the fam'ly. It's a mighty good thing to just 'let the dead and the beautiful rest,' as Shakespeare or somebody else writ, speshly when you've taken on another wife or husband. It doesn't do the dead any good to be forever singin' their praises that you prob'ly never sung to 'em when they was alive, and it often riles their successors. Puffer and me never bother each other any along that line. But here I am goin' all round Robin Hood's barn three times to git to my freak dinner that I got a lot o' real pleasure out of, and I think Puffer did, too, but he's one o' these men that never own up to it when he's had a good time. Queer how some men is, isn't it?"

"Yes; it is, Mrs. Puffer."

"Queer how they always wait until their wives are dead and gone before they sing praises to 'em. I gave Puffer a Christmas card, one with this on it:

"A rose to the living is more

Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead."

but he never tuk the hint to any alarmin' extent. Anyway, he didn't begin to fling no roses at me, and I dunno sure that I'd come in for any 'sumptuous wreath,' if I died.

"But about my freak dinner. You may be sure they all come, and it was kind o' pathetic to see how

the pore souls tried to fix up the best they could for the 'casion. The pincushion and penwiper lady had on a black false front that I never saw her wear before, and ev'ry hair on her head is white as snow. She must of had this false front tucked away some place for the last forty years, for it looked kind o' moth-eaten and was in a terrible tangle, and it wobbled away over until the parting was nearly down to her left ear before the dinner was done. And she wore the queerest, old black cotton lace cape, with long black fringe on it, and Puffer says that she tried to git up a flirtation with the poor old harmonica doodler. He had his harmonica with him, of course, and he got to playin' on it while I was takin' up the dinner. He played 'My love is like a red, red rose,' and Puffer says he played it to the penwiper woman. 'The scholar' he got his nose into an old book Puffer showed him, and we had to almost take him by the shoulder and shake him into a sense of where he was when dinner was ready. The ex-convict felt so happy at bein' received with some decency back into good sassiety, that he told us some awfully interestin' things about his experiences when he was doin' time in the pen, and the novel-readin' freak with the runaway imagination give it its head, and kept buttin' in ev'ry now and then with references to the glories of her 'better days,' but the iron-holder lady 'tended strictly to bizness, and just sat and et and et. It done me good to see the pore soul. She'd three helpin' o' turkey, although the first one was a whole leg with the second joint to it, and a layer o' white meat, and a small mountain o' mashed potater—not that she wasn't welcome to it, for she was. I just enjoyed seein' her git away with half o' one o' my mince pies, and a quarter of an apple one, and a good pint o' plum

false front slips off down her back to the floor, and she didn't know a thing about it! And when we had 'run away all' to our seats the harmonica man picked it up and bowed most to the floor when he handed it to her, and she give a little screech and clapped it on her head hind side to and fished around until she found a hairpin to jab into it. And poor old Miss Baxter's before-the-war silk skirt was cracked and split a good deal more before she set down, and one o' the flounces was most ripped off. Land only knows what would of happened, if the dance had kep' up much longer!

"Well, ma'am, I dunno as I ever enjoyed anything in my life more than I enjoyed seein' them pore souls so happy. After the dance we et candy and some played cribbage, and we told stories; and I will say for Puffer that he behaved beautifully. They all stayed until dark, and I sent each o' em away with an orange and some cake, and the penwiper woman fairly cried when she told me what a good time she'd had. And when they'd all gone I says to Puffer:

"Well, if six o' the freakiest o' freaks didn't set down to dinner here to-day, I can't say it'; and what you s'pose he said?"

"I have no idea, Mrs. Puffer.

"He says, says he, 'Six? There was eight, accordin' to my way o' thinkin'. What you leavin' us out for?' Wasn't that like a man? But I didn't care. The Christmas spirit was havin' it all its own way with me, and I felt too much o' the 'peace on earth, good will to men' feelin' to hold a grudge ag'in my worst enemy. Christmas does kind o' wear a body out; but anything that puts so much good feelin' into the world and helps us to git rid of a little of our selfishness, if only for a season, and turn our thoughts

The Little Stepmother—(The Doll Speaks)



I.

MY first and real mamma
Was a Christmas-tree so tall
Its crown of golden tapers
Reached almost to the wall.
It cradled me and rocked me
In arms of fragrant green,
Watched over by an angel
With wings of silver sheen.

II.

ALITTLE
in a maiden
took me,

A step-mamma, you know,
With curly locks and dimples,
And rosy cheeks aglow.
She cuddled me at bed-time



When stars
were in the
skies,
And all day long
she sang
me
The sweetest
lullabies.

IV.

SHE shook me and she slapped me,
My pretty dress she tore,
And in a gust of passion
She flung me on the floor.
Forgotten in a corner
With broken toys I lay,
In tears of sawdust weeping
My very heart away.

V.

BUT near the
Christmas
season

A dame with snowy hair
My twisted body straightened,
And smoothed my ruffled hair.
Arrayed in silks and satins
And frills of

finest lace,
Beside the
Christmas
angel
Once more I
take my
place.

IKNOW that she is sorry,
The wee, bewitching sprite;
She'll clasp me to her bosom,
And croon again at night
Her baby songs of slumber,
"By-low, and tra-là-la,"
And nevermore be naughty,
My little step-mamma.

MINNA IRVING.

III.

THE hours were swift and happy
Beneath her gentle rule,
Until she took a fancy
That I must go to school.
I could not learn my lesson,
It was too hard for me,
And then I found how cruel
A step-mother can be.

puddin', with raisins and nuts and oranges afterward to beat the band—pore critter! I don't wonder that she toppled over on to a lounge afterward and slept until she snored. She never knewed it when I just lifted her feet from the floor to the lounge, and straightened her out real comfortable, and threw a crazy quilt over her. One thing I done it for was, because she'd lopped over in a way that hitched up her dress a good deal, and I see that she had on one black stockin' and one blue one, and her shoes wasn't mates, and the penwiper lady was about to go into connipation fits over it. She slept on until the harmonica-doodler got kind o' gay and went to playin', 'Granny, will your dog bite?' and dancin' to the music o' it, and then she set up and looked awfully took back. Should think she would, wouldn't you?"

"It must have been a little awkward for her, I am sure."

"But the fun come when the ex-convict proposed a little dance, with the harmonica man furnishin' the music. It was too killin' to see the penwiper lady pair off with 'the scholar' and the iron-holder lady grab the arm o' the ex-convict when he offered it to her, and the novel-readin' freak murmur out, 'With pleasure,' when Puffer offered her his arm, while me and the harmonica man hit it off together. I've wished since that I had a photograff of us scuddin' and skippin' around there while the ex-convict called out:

"Salute yer pardners!" "All swing!" "Lady to left and gent foller after!" "Lady in centre and seven hands round!" "Swing yer honey!" "All promenade!" "Right hand to pardner and right and left!"

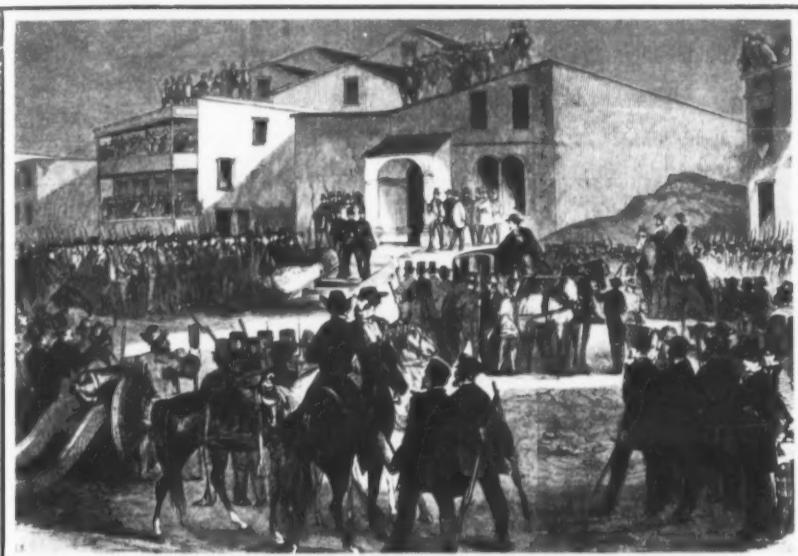
"Say, ma'am, it was just killin'. And I thought I'd go under when the pore penwiper lady's awful

to Him that was born in the manger, is a mighty good thing; and although I went to bed dog tired after my freak dinner I just thanked the Lord it was so I could have it, and mebbe it will be a happy mem'ry to some that was there all their days, and that's wuth puttin' one's self out for. Now I'd better muzzle my tongue and put this washin' out if I expect it to dry before night. Dear me! my fire's most went out! It's, as Puffer says, git me started to talkin' once and the old hour-glass o' Time stands still fer as I'm concerned. It's a wonder you don't dock me on my pay; but now I'll turn on the power, and if it takes me any after four to put out this wash and dry it and iron the things I usually iron of a Monday I won't charge you anthing for it. New Year's day will be here before I wash for you ag'in, so I wish you a happy, happy New Year, while I think of it, ma'am!"

Skin-Tortured Babies.

INSTANT RELIEF IN WARM BATHS WITH CUTICURA SOAP AND ANOINTINGS WITH CUTICURA.

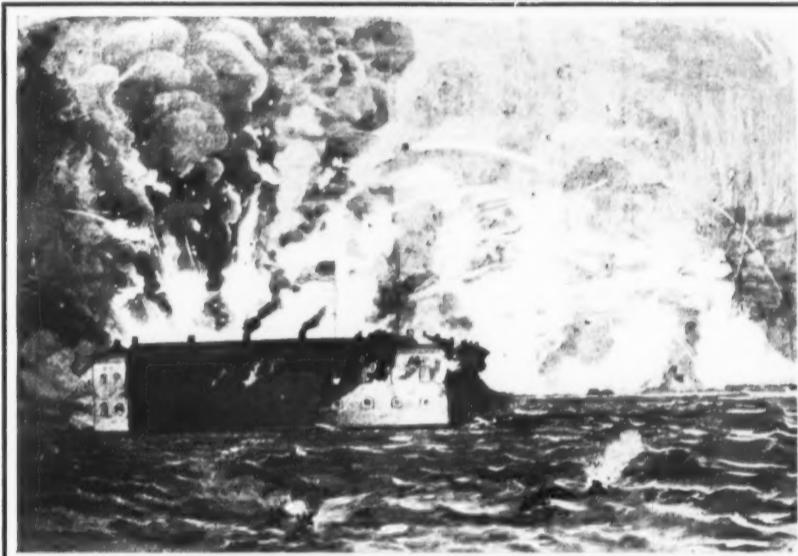
THE suffering which Cuticura Soap and Ointment have alleviated among the young, and the comfort they have afforded worn-out and worried parents, have led to their adoption in countless homes as priceless curatives for the skin and blood. Infantile and birth humors, milk-crust, scald-head, eczemas, rashes, and every form of itching, scaly, pimply skin and scalp humors, with loss of hair, of infancy and childhood, are speedily, permanently and economically cured when all other remedies suitable for children, and even the best physicians, fail.



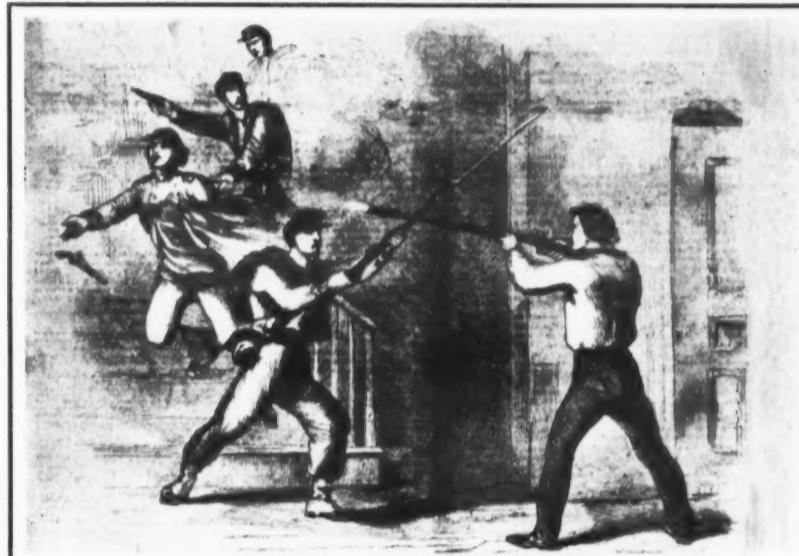
THE VIGILANTS IN SAN FRANCISCO IN 1856—EXCITING SCENE WHEN, ON MAY 18TH, 1856, 3,000 ARMED CITIZENS TOOK FROM THE JAIL, FOR SUMMARY EXECUTION, GAMBLER CORA AND JAMES CASEY, THE ASSASSIN OF EDITOR JAMES KING.—*J. Dallas.*



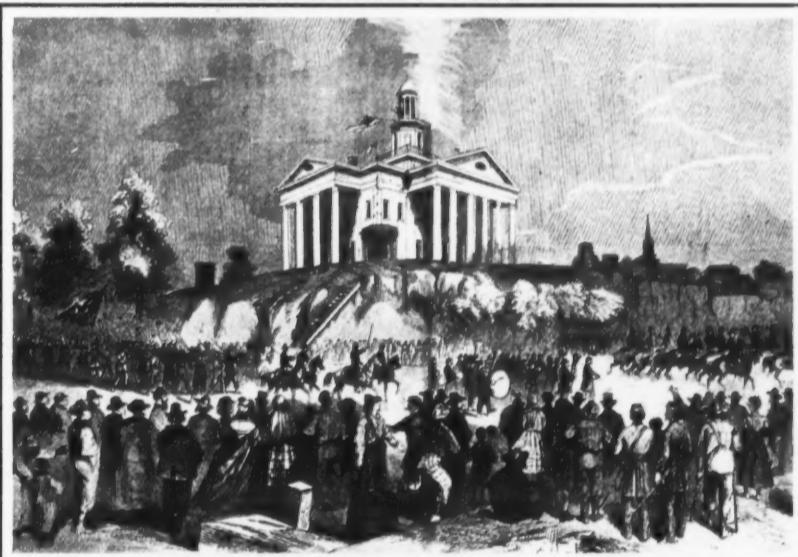
THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO AMERICA—GRAND TORCHLIGHT PARADE OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT, OCTOBER 13TH, 1860, IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE (NOW KING EDWARD VII.)—THE PROCESSION PASSING THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL IN PRESENCE OF THE PRINCE AND 50,000 PEOPLE.



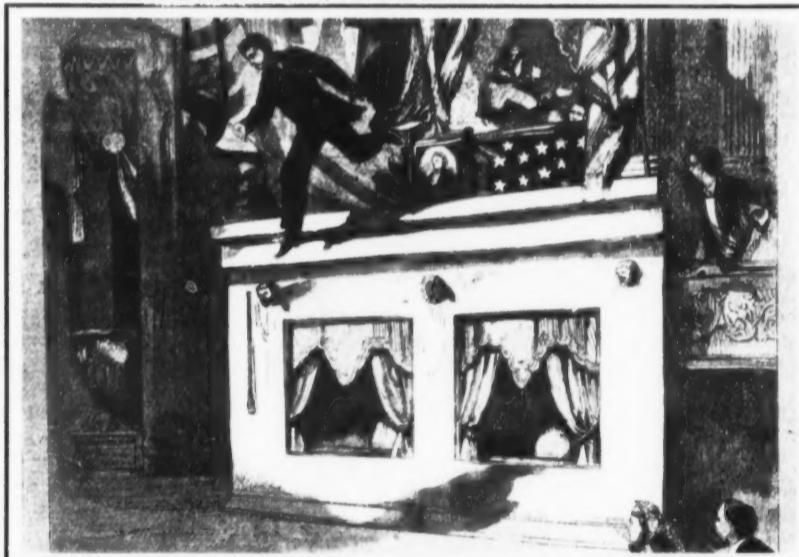
BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER, THE OPENING EVENT OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. CONFEDERATE BATTERIES AT CHARLESTON, S. C., SHELLING THE DOOMED FORTRESS, WITH ITS OFFICERS' QUARTERS ON FIRE, ON APRIL 12TH, 1861, SHORTLY BEFORE ITS SURRENDER BY MAJOR ANDERSON.



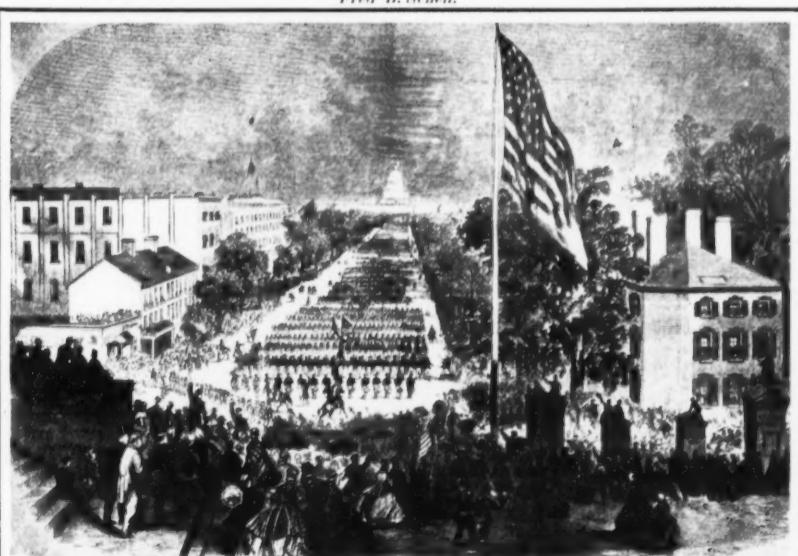
KILLING OF COLONEL ELLSWORTH, U. S. VOL., FIRST PROMINENT VICTIM OF THE CIVIL WAR—COMMANDER OF THE NEW YORK FIRE ZOUAVES SHOT AT THE MARSHALL HOUSE, ALEXANDRIA, VA., MAY 24TH, 1861, WHILE TAKING DOWN A CONFEDERATE FLAG, BY J. W. JACKSON, PROPRIETOR, WHO WAS KILLED BY PRIVATE F. E. BROWNELL.



SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG—ENTRY, ON JULY 4TH, 1863, OF GENERAL GRANT'S ARMY INTO THE CONFEDERATE STRONGHOLD, WHICH HAD JUST BEEN CAPTURED AFTER A LONG AND SANGUINARY SIEGE.
Fred B. Schell.



ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN—JOHN WILKES BOOTH, ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 14TH, 1865, LEAPING FROM THE BOX AT FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON, IN WHICH HE HAD JUST SHOT THE PRESIDENT, AND CATCHING HIS SPUR IN THE FOLDS OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.—*Albert Berghaus.*



END OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR—REVIEW OF THE HOMeward BOUND UNION ARMIES AT WASHINGTON, ON MAY 21ST, 1865—THE TROOPS MARCHING ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.—*W. T. Crane.*

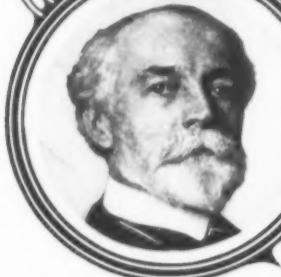


LAYING THE FIRST ATLANTIC CABLE—ARRIVAL OF THE FAMOUS STEAMSHIP "GREAT EASTERN" AND THE CABLE FLEET IN TRINITY BAY, N. F., ON JULY 27TH, 1866, WITH THE AMERICAN END OF THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—*Joseph Becker.*

OLD PICTURES IN "LESLIE'S" THAT RECALL HISTORIC SCENES.
IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE PAST HALF-CENTURY DEPICTED IN STRIKING SELECTIONS FROM THE EARLY FILES OF AMERICA'S OLDEST ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

American Journalism's Most Wonderful Half-century

By Charles M. Harvey



AMBASSADOR WHITELAW REID,
Formerly editor of the New York
Tribune.



CHARLES HOPKINS CLARK,
Proprietor of the Hartford (Conn.)
Courant.—Aken.



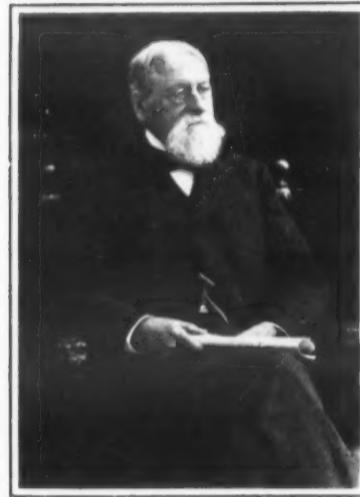
M. H. DE YOUNG,
Proprietor of the San Francisco
Chronicle.—Taber.



GENERAL CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Proprietor of the Boston
Globe.



HENRY WATTERSON,
Editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*.



CROSBY S. NOYES,
Who has been editor-in-chief of the Washington
Evening Star for the past thirty-eight
years.

are weeklies, and the remainder are tri-weeklies, semi-monthlies, monthlies, and quarterlies. The daily newspapers of to-day fall very little short of the whole number of newspapers and periodicals of half a century ago, and they equal the total of 1850. In the half-century in which the population of the United States has tripled, the newspapers and periodicals have octupled. Moreover, the increase in number has been exceeded scores of times by the expansion in circulation. New York City's newspapers and periodicals are printing more copies in the month of December, 1905, than the whole of those in the United States did in the twelve months of 1855.

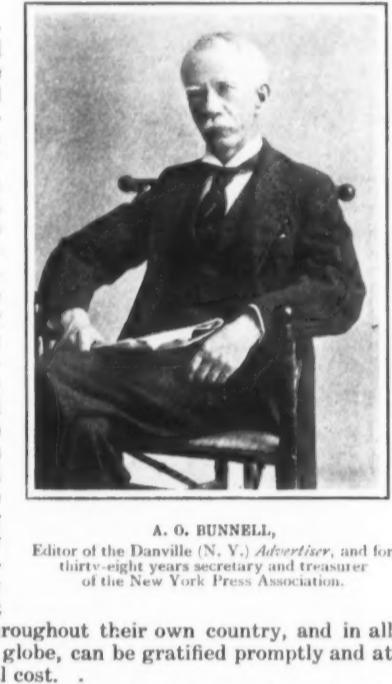
Nevertheless, many of the prominent newspapers of to-day date from a time anterior to half a century ago. In New York City the *Globe* (until recently the *Commercial Advertiser*), *Evening Post*, *Journal of Commerce*, *Sun*, *Herald*, *Tribune*, *Staats Zeitung*, and *Times* were journals of influence in 1855. So were the Albany *Evening Journal*, Albany *Argus*, Troy *Times*, Buffalo *Courier*, Buffalo *Express*, Philadelphia *North American*, Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Pittsburgh *Gazette*, Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, Hartford *Courant*, Boston *Transcript*, Boston *Journal*, Boston *Traveler*, Springfield *Republican*, Baltimore *American*, Baltimore *Sun*, Richmond *Dispatch*, Wheeling *Intelligencer*, Charleston *News* and *Courier*, Mobile *Register*, Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser*, New Orleans *Picayune*, Galveston *News*, Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, Nashville *American*, Louisville *Courier-Journal*, Cleveland *Leader*, Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, Cincinnati *Commercial Tribune*, Ohio *State Journal* (Columbus), Chicago *Tribune*, Chicago *Journal*, Milwaukee *Wisconsin*, Milwaukee *Sentinel*, Detroit *Free Press*, St. Louis *Republic*, St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, Portland *Oregonian*, and San Francisco *Bulletin*. And, of course, this does not exhaust the list.

But the appliances which, in our day, have immensely increased the number, extended the field, cheapened the cost, and expanded the circulation of newspapers were, in 1855, non-existent in many cases, and in others they were crude. Printing machinery was primitive compared with what it is now. Paper was dear. Morse's telegraph, which went into operation between Baltimore and Washington in 1844, had not extended far by 1855. Cyrus W. Field's Atlantic cable, the pioneer of the world's ocean telegraphs, was not established till 1866. Railways and steamboats were the sole reliance in 1855 in the swift transmission of news, but there were only 15,000 miles of railway in the United States in that year, as compared with 214,000 in the closing weeks of 1905. The railway reached Chicago from the East in 1852, and touched the Mis-

sissippi at Rock Island in 1854, but it did not reach the Mississippi at Memphis or at the point opposite St. Louis until 1857; it did not strike the Missouri until 1859, and it did not touch the Pacific until 1869. The Cunard line of transatlantic steamers (1840), the Collins line (1849), and the Inman line (1850), had been established before 1855, but eight days, scored by the Inman's *City of Richmond*, was the fastest speed which had been attained half a century ago. The ocean greyhounds were far in the future. Steam connection between the United States and South America or Asia was not thought of. In point of time of communication London was farther from New York than almost any spot in the Philippines or on Africa's dark continent is in 1905, in these days of ocean telegraphs.

Interviewing is a conspicuous activity of not only the American newspapers which originated it, but of all the daily newspapers of the world. Not, however, until the New York *Herald* sent a representative to have a talk with Gerrit Smith, in Peterborough, N. Y., about John Brown, a few days after the Harper's Ferry raid of 1859, and about the same time to Harper's Ferry to ask Brown questions about himself, did journalistic interviewing have its beginning. Not till 1867, when the late Joseph B. McCullough, of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, then the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, developed it and popularized it in his talks with Andrew Johnson and other national figures, did interviewing become a recognized and essential function of the American newspaper.

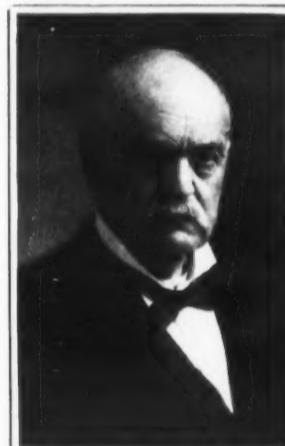
more publications of all sorts than have London and Paris taken together. The United States' ascendancy in this field is made possible by the improved printing-presses, the typesetting machines, the news associations covering the whole world by which all the great papers are served, and the rest of the cheapening processes by which its people's curiosity to learn what is going on throughout their own country, and in all the rest of the globe, can be gratified promptly and at small individual cost.



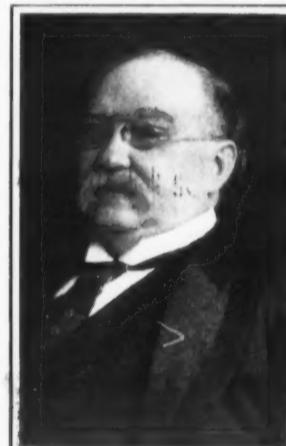
A. O. BUNNELL,
Editor of the Danville (N. Y.) *Advertiser*, and for
thirty-eight years secretary and treasurer
of the New York Press Association.

In the nineteenth century's early half politics was virtually the newspapers' only concern. The editorial page held the place of honor. Thurlow Weed, one of the great editors of his day, who was a guest at the opening of the Albany and Schenectady Railroad, the first link in the chain of little roads that were consolidated into the New York Central line in 1853, had no report of that great event in his paper, the Albany *Evening Journal*. The news features, which the elder Bennett began to develop, are of primary consequence in the present age. Socially as well as geographically, they cover a larger field than ever before, they are handled more intelligently, and their vital points are thrown on the page in shapes which strike the eye quicker, and

Continued on page 582.



HARVEY W. SCOTT,
Editor of the Portland *Oregonian*
for forty years.



DANIEL M. HOUSER,
Directing head of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*.—Rosch.



SAMUEL BOWLES,
Editor and publisher of the Springfield
(Mass.) *Republican*.—Bosworth.

Since 1855, too, have come the Sunday newspaper and the woman newspaper worker. The former has been a development of the past third of a century. Nearly every morning newspaper of consequence in a town of 100,000 people or over, and many afternoon papers (Brooklyn *Eagle*, Washington *Star*, St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, Kansas City *Star*, San Francisco *Bulletin*, Seattle *Times*, and others), print editions on the first day of the week. And these have literary features formerly confined to the magazines, and far more varied and interesting than most of the magazines of half a century ago printed. A few women edited weeklies or monthlies in the early half of the nineteenth century, and other women were contributors to them. The pioneer women Washington correspondents of daily newspapers—"Grace Greenwood" (Mrs. Sara J. Lippincott) and "Olivia" (Mrs. Emily Edson Briggs)—did not begin their regular daily newspaper connections until the Civil War started. The former contributed to the New York *Tribune* and other papers, and the latter to Col. John W. Forney's Washington *Chronicle*, and Philadelphia *Press*. Mary Clemmer Ames's activity in the same field did not begin till shortly after the war. To-day almost all the important daily newspapers in the United States have women regularly enrolled on their home staffs.

Americans read more than any other nation. The 84,000,000 people of the United States have not very far from half of the 60,000 newspapers and periodicals possessed by the 1,600,000 inhabitants of the world. Most of ours—dailies, weeklies, and monthlies—have a larger individual circulation than Europe's. They represent a much greater invested capital and give employment to more persons. New York has

MUST HAVE THE KIND OF FOOD THAT NOURISHES BRAIN.

"I AM A literary man whose nervous energy is a great part of my stock in trade, and ordinarily I have little patience with breakfast foods and the extravagant claims made of them. But I cannot withhold my acknowledgment of the debt that I owe to Grape-Nuts food.

"I discovered long ago that the very bulkiness of the ordinary diet was not calculated to give one a clear head, the power of sustained, accurate thinking. I always felt heavy and sluggish in mind as well as body after eating the ordinary meal, which diverted the blood from the brain to the digestive apparatus.

"I tried foods easy of digestion, but found them usually deficient in nutriment. I experimented with many breakfast foods and they, too, proved unsatisfactory, till I reached Grape-Nuts. And then the problem was solved.

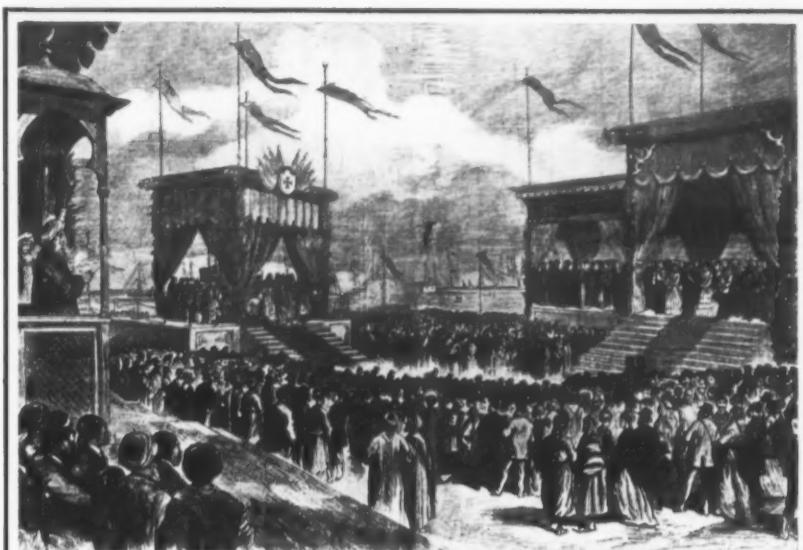
"Grape-Nuts agreed with me perfectly from the beginning, satisfying my hunger and supplying the nutriment that so many other prepared foods lack.

"I had not been using it very long before I found that I was turning out an unusual quantity and quality of work. Continued use has demonstrated to my entire satisfaction that Grape-Nuts food contains all the elements needed by the brain and nervous system of the hard-working public writer." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.



COMPLETION OF THE FIRST TRANCONTINENTAL RAILROAD—SCENE AT PROMONTORY POINT, MAY 10TH, 1869, JUST BEFORE THE DRIVING OF THE LAST SPIKE OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD—REV. DR. TODD, OF MASSACHUSETTS, OFFERING PRAYER.—*A. J. Russell.*



OPENING OF THE SUEZ CANAL—BLESSING OF THE GREAT WATERWAY IN DECEMBER, 1869, AT PORT SAID, WITH IMPOSING CEREMONIES, IN THE PRESENCE OF IMPERIAL AND ROYAL VISITORS.



PROCLAMING THE FRENCH REPUBLIC—THE CELEBRATED STATESMAN, LEON GAMBETTA, IN FRONT OF THE PALACE OF THE CORPS LEGISLATIF, PARIS, IN SEPTEMBER, 1870, ANNOUNCING NAPOLEON III'S FALL AND THE INSTITUTION OF FREE GOVERNMENT.



THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION AT PHILADELPHIA—OPENING CEREMONIES IN THE MAIN BUILDING ON MAY 10TH, 1876—FOREIGN COMMISSIONERS BEING INTRODUCED TO PRESIDENT GRANT AND PARTY.



ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD—PRESIDENT, WHILE STANDING BESIDE SENATOR BLAINE, IN THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD DEPOT AT WASHINGTON, JULY 2d, 1881, FATALLY SHOT BY CHARLES GUITEAU, WHO WAS INSTANTLY SEIZED BY THE ANGRY CROWD.—*A. Berghaus and C. Upham.*



DEWEY'S VICTORY IN MANILA BAY—ANNIHILATION OF THE SPANISH FLEET IN THE PHILIPPINES BY THE AMERICAN WAR-SHIPS ON MAY 1st, 1898, ONE OF THE MOST BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE AMERICAN NAVY—AMERICAN FLAG-SHIP "OLYMPIA" IN CENTRE, SPANISH FLAG-SHIP "REINA CRISTINA" BURNING AT RIGHT.



THE BOXER WAR IN CHINA IN 1900—DESPERATE DASH OF THE AMERICAN MARINES ALONG THE WALL OF PEKING, WHICH FORCED OPEN THE GATE FOR THE ENTRANCE OF THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN TROOPS, WHO SAVED THE BESEIGED FOREIGN LEGATIONERS.—*Sydney Adamson.*



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S ASSASSINATION—ANARCHIST CZOLGOsz, WITH A PISTOL CONCEALED IN A HANKIE, FIRING THE FATAL SHOT AT THE PRESIDENT AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION IN BUFFALO, SEPTEMBER 6th, 1901.—*T. Dart Walker.*

MARY VIRGINIA'S CHRISTMAS PLAYMATE

By Maud Harmon Reed



MARY VIRGINIA was a genius. Laying aside the fact that she had seen only five summers, her display of tact and discrimination with the different members of her household was worthy of one who had attained the stately age of forty. Being the only grandchild, on either side, of wealthy and cultured grandparents, it was her pleasure to enjoy many things denied thousands of other happy children, while it was also her displeasure to be deprived of the freedom and happy abandon which is childhood's inheritance by divine right. She was always attended; could never run here or there, as desire might prompt her; was guarded constantly from association with other children; and to know a kiss from any one, except upon the cheek or forehead, was almost a crime.

This condition of affairs arose solely from an ever-present fear of whooping-cough, measles, scarlet fever, or some other dreaded disease. Consequently those that her little life had known best were her immediate family (all grown-ups) and her governess. With them, untiring devotion was hers constantly. But how she longed for a little playmate! A child held her fascinated, as it were. I shall never forget her pitiful and pathetic little prayer one night, after having seen her first small baby. Her tiny soul cried out in hunger, "Dear God, please send me a baby; and if You can, dear God, let it come by Christmas." Christmas was then only ten days away. Turning an earnest, wistful face to her astonished mother, she added, "Of course it wouldn't be a Christ-child—just a plain baby—but wouldn't it be lovely?"

The time had arrived when, she was told, if she would be very quiet, as became a little woman, she might attend church the following Sunday with grandma and Ahdie, as she affectionately called her mother's only sister. Great was her anxiety over and anticipation of the event. The possibility of remaining to Sunday School, the school Ahdie had told her so much about, where there were hundreds of little folk like herself, looking at big, beautiful pictures of the Christ, and learning the verses from His very own book, just as Ahdie taught her alone each Sunday afternoon, excited her imagination. The thought of one child was exhilarating, but the thought of so many was intoxicating, and at the bed-time hour on Saturday evening she could hardly draw the fringed curtains over the bright little eyes, so full were they of longing for the untasted pleasure.

Morning dawned, giving promise of a bright, beautiful day. The usual routine of bath, dressing, and breakfast went much too slowly. At last the coveted time arrived, and Mary Virginia was truly on her way with Ahdie. Her little feet fairly flew. Grandma had preceded them, it being her usual custom always to be in time. Children sometimes delay one, and punctuality being one of the strong qualities of grandma's forcible character, it was her best judgment that she should not wait. Exactly at her usual time she rustled in and took her accustomed place, precisely as she had done for years, unless prevented by illness or absence from the city.

Mary Virginia tripped down the side aisle and Ahdie anxiously followed; she entered the pew on a line with grandma. Finding a partition separating them, she promptly climbed over and sat solemnly down beside her. A few hurried questions, with open-eyed wonder, then silence. She had been told to be quiet. She ventured a glance at the people back of her; another glance and her eyes met the friendly look of the clergyman's wife, who smiled, reassuringly. This helped a little. The clergyman then commenced to read. She knew his voice, and as it sounded kindly, as it always did, she began to feel a little less strange. She fixed her gaze upon him. As he sat down for the anthem she said in a loud, pleased whisper to grandma, "Oh, he sees me! he sees me!" and straightway felt very comfortable indeed. She remained quiet for some time, her attention being occupied by the different phases of the service. Leaning over to Ahdie, she asked, confidentially, "Why does Mr. Dean shake his head so when he talks?" "Oh, I don't know," responded Ahdie; "ministers generally do." Mary Virginia nodded wisely. If "ministers generally did," that was sufficient. She hated doing different and conspicuous things. Finally she became tired and wanted the different books; finding no pictures, they proved uninteresting. Ahdie looked lonesome, uncomfortable, too; there was no stool for her feet. Quickly as the thought struck her the child picked up one from grandma's pew and offered it over the partition to Ahdie. Ahdie was embarrassed. She felt that Mary



Virginia was disturbing, and asked her, sweetly and quietly, if she wouldn't like to come and sit with her, to which Mary Virginia audibly replied, "No; I don't think I care to. I don't see any one else getting over the seats. If you don't mind, I think I will stay here, please."

After service she insisted upon speaking to the clergyman. He had often called at her home and they were firm friends. He inquired if she would like to remain to Sunday School. Her delight knew no bounds, and she clung to his hand, as if she feared she would be dragged away. Under his guidance and the tender care of Ahdie she entered the class-room. Later Mr. Dean proposed that she enter the infant class, and before any remonstrance or reasonable excuse could be thought of she had risen, quite ready to go. Grasping Mr. Dean's hand again, and with Ahdie patiently following in the rear, she was ushered into a room where, joy of joys! she beheld so many little people like herself that she was quite dazed for a minute, until the good-natured, sweet-voiced lady who was talking to them turned her attention and smile upon Mary Virginia, instantly making her feel as if she knew everybody and that everybody knew her. Mary Virginia seemed drawn to the seat next to little Gladys; it was Gladys herself who was the magnet. In Mary Virginia's estimation she had never beheld such a vision of loveliness. Gladys was dressed all in pink from her head to her heels. Her gown was of a rather coarse fabric and ridiculously short, disclosing at each move the clasps of both garter supporters and the tiny underskirts. Her hat, which completed the picture, was wonderfully and fearfully made—much too large; much too old; surmounted by bunches of cheap flowers and lace, and fastened under the little dimpled chin by a huge gauze bow. The only childish thing about it was the tilt to the right, which the constant bobbing of the curly head had brought about.

You might see such a hat, worn by a soubrette, in a third-class vaudeville. Yet underneath its brim was the dearest little face and the sweetest little smile. Bewitching, indeed! She instantly held you captive.

Mary Virginia adored her at once. Gladys was lovelier to her than all her own French embroideries and lace. The admiration ripened, until by the close of Sunday School it was an open avowal on both sides. Mary Virginia hugged her new friend, patted her cheek, smoothed her dress lovingly, and then hugged her again. She clung tightly to her hand at the dismissal of the school, and was utterly deaf to Ahdie's anxious tones of "Come, now, Virginia! Come, now, Virginia!" Ahdie wanted to be kind; she appreciated the longing of the hungry little heart for the companionship she had so unexpectedly found in all its fullness; yet her look betrayed the old anxiety, the ever-abiding fear that possibly Gladys might have something contagious. But dear Ahdie need not have worried. Mary Virginia had caught nothing, aside from a response to her own little yearning for a child's love.

At dinner an anxious and embarrassing silence passed over the happy family, and each mind was hurriedly searching in the inner recesses of its store of knowledge for facts upon disinfectants, when Mary Virginia burst forth with, "Ahdie, that little girl kissed me right on my lips, and I want you to tell her next Sunday I am never going to take it off. I shall always wear it there." The look in the deep hazel eyes which accompanied this fervent declaration went straight to Ahdie's heart. She did tell the little girl the following Sunday, but not without tears in her eyes. And on Christmas Day one of the happiest children in the world was Mary Virginia, for she was allowed to have her new friend with her nearly the whole day, and two more loving little girls never played together.

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TAKE it during convalescence following La Grippe, Pneumonia, Influenza, or weakness following fevers.

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can always be uniform if you use Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. The original. Especially prepared as an infant food. Send for Baby's Diary, a valuable booklet for mothers. 108 Hudson Street, New York.

IS BLINDNESS INCREASING?

By Harry Beardsley



MISS HELEN KELLER,
The famous blind, deaf graduate of Radcliffe
College.—Copyright, 1903, by Whitman



FANNY CROSBY,
The blind poet and hymn-writer.
Faith.

IF ALL the sightless inhabitants of the United States were assembled in one community, there would be a "city of the blind" equal in population to Charleston, S. C., Duluth, Minn., or Harrisburg, Penn. The number of blind persons in this country is more than fifty thousand. And it is an interesting fact that, as shown by the United States census, the number of people afflicted with blindness in one eye is almost exactly twice as great as the aggregate of those who are wholly blind. A city as large as Memphis, Tenn., Columbus, O., or Albany, N. Y., could be made up of the men, women, and children who have lost the sight in one of their eyes. Yet blindness is by no means the menace and calamity that it once was. There are two reasons for this—the improved facilities for educating those who are deprived of what is considered the first of the five senses, and the progress of medical science in preventing and curing this dreaded affliction.

Notwithstanding this fact, however, it is surprising to learn what simple causes have been known to bring about this most cruel deprivation. No one would be likely to imagine, for instance, that blindness may be the result of toothache. Yet there are cases on record of this very sort. The sore tooth begets ulceration at the base of the roots. This leads to neuralgia in the jaws and face, and neuralgia has produced inflammation and congestion that have affected the nerves and blood-vessels of the eye, and this condition has grown so acute that chronic eye diseases and finally blindness have resulted. Instances of this kind are, of course, rare, and I mention this one merely by way of illustrating that, just as keeping the instruments clean is an important part of the art of surgery, so prevention is not the least point to be considered in a discussion of the diseases which lead to loss of sight.

When one of us who is blessed with sound vision is accosted by the blind beggar in the street we do not always fully realize, I take it, the possibility of our coming to the same condition. There are 100 distinct diseases of the eye. Any one of these may lead to complications that, if not corrected, will in the end result in blindness. When the sight is in any way affected it is usual to go at once to an optician. It is his business to sell glasses, and he provides the applicant promptly. Sometimes glasses give temporary relief. Sometimes the person can never be "fitted," as the expression is. Yet he goes to the optician again and again, and buys more glasses. The result is that probably a third of all the adults in the United States use this artificial aid to sight. Evidently it is an unnatural condition. Why should the use of glasses be so prevalent?

One answer to this may be found in the well-nigh universal dread of eye surgery. The wearing of glasses is often a makeshift, adopted usually in ignorance, sometimes in fear of a treatment of the eye itself. The reason is that this treatment suggests the knife, and there is something decidedly uncanny and forbidding in the association of cold, cutting steel and the delicate, indispensable, and infinitely sensitive eye. The very thought gives one a tremor. This almost universal attitude of men and women creates a sort of personal and vital interest in the perfection by a Chicago oculist of a now thoroughly tested and proven method for curing, without surgery or pain, diseases of the eye, even those, in some instances, which have gone so far as to produce blindness. The man who has perfected the new method has already attracted wide attention among men of his own profession. I can illustrate this new system best by describing a particular instance.

The cataract is one of the most common and most feared of the diseases of the eye because its cure has been inevitably associated with surgery. In it the crystalline lens is affected. This lens, which is directly back of the pupil or opening into the eye, is used to focus the vision. It is made of a clear tissue and is normally as colorless as water. The cataract is the collection of a fine substance which fogs the crystalline lens. The lens may be seen to gradually assume a milky appearance. The common opinion has been that the encroachment of this white veil over the lens was the progress of a foreign growth. Dr. Oneal's researches have proven this theory to be false. The white substance is a deposit, and is the result of imperfect circulation of blood, a sort of stagnated condition in the eye, due to a shock or strain. The tissues of all parts of the eye as well as in the rest of the body are constantly being broken down through

use and are built up by the blood. The blood carries away the waste matter, besides supplying the new substance needed in the building-up process. When the circulation of blood to the eye is imperfect, the waste matter of the crystalline lens may not be carried off, but slowly accumulates and the white veil begins to form. Gradually and painlessly this veil creeps clear across the lens, and then the latter is wholly opaque and the eye is blind.

The method known to surgery for the cure of a cataract is the removal with a knife of the crystalline lens. This is not done until the afflicted eye is wholly blind. It seems strange that the surgeon, working under the old method, actually waits until you go blind before he begins the cure. The cutting out of the lens means the loss of the power of the accommodation of the sight to distance. When you look at your hand the crystalline lens assumes a certain form; when you look at a chair across the room the form of the lens changes. Without the lens this faculty is lost and glasses cannot fully restore it. Another danger is that of sympathetic inflammation. This is the almost inevitable result of surgery; and the sound eye, already strained by the increase of its labors, due to the weakness of its brother, is likely to become diseased through sympathy; and this diseased condition frequently results in total blindness.

Such are the dangers of surgery. The new method which has been alluded to is simple. It is based on the restoration of the normal circulation of blood to the eye. This is done first by proper diet, baths, and mode of living, by a systematic massage of the eye, and by the application of simple preparations. I have not sufficient space here to describe this system in detail; but it is no secret, and I am certain that to any one who calls at Dr. Oren Oneal's laboratory at 56 Dearborn Street, Chicago, as I did, or writes to him at that address, fuller details will be given gratis. Before I leave the subject it is interesting to know about the "pin-hole" test for cataract. This is the simplest test known to ascertain the presence of this disease. First take an ordinary visiting card or stiff paper and make a hole in it with a pin; then place the eye in front and close to this pin-hole and look toward the clear sky. If there is a smokiness or any lines or spots obstructing the vision it is evidence of the presence or formation of a cataract.

The same principle that applies to the cure of cataract applies also to optic-nerve troubles, granulated lids, cross eyes, and the other numerous ills that the eye is heir to. And most of these, as I have suggested, are the result either of a lack of knowledge or of procrastination, or the improper use of glasses. Glasses, in fact, frequently aggravate and make the disease chronic. The correct principle is the restoration of healthy conditions rather than the resort to mechanical appliances or surgery. The one is a natural, the other an artificial, proceeding.

There is much in the modern mode of living, particularly in the cities, that is unnatural. The eyes, being the most sensitive, and in some respects the most vital, organs of the body, are probably the greatest sufferers from this condition. Indigestion, confinement in an office, the strain of office work, fatigue of the brain, disorder of the liver or kidneys—all of these which are accompaniments of city life are likely to bring about diseases of the eyes. For instance, the great pneumo-gastric nerve which supplies the stomach enters the brain in close proximity with the optic nerve which belongs to the eye. Inflammation in one nerve sets up a sympathetic inflammation in the other. And sore eyes are thus the result of a disordered stomach. Another instance: Failure of the kidneys to perform their work thoroughly fills the blood with an excess of the poisonous uric acid. Again the eyes are affected.

The nerves, the tiny muscles, and blood-vessels of the eye are, as I have said, infinitely delicate and sensitive. They cannot bear abuse. Therefore, in addition to observing the usual sound

rules for maintaining the general healthy condition of the body—such as good food and regularity and temperance in eating, the avoidance of artificial stimulants, outdoor exercise, and plenty of sleep—it is not out of place here to give the sensible special rules which Dr. Oneal, of Chicago, has made out in order to avoid an injury to the sight. His six rules are as follows: 1st. Avoid sudden change from dark to light. 2d. Avoid the use of stimulants and drugs which affect the nervous system. 3d. Avoid reading when lying down or when mentally or physically exhausted. 4th. When the eyes feel tired, rest them by looking at distant objects. 5th. Old persons should avoid reading much by artificial light, be guarded as to diet, and avoid sitting up late at night. 6th. Never expose the eyes to a brilliant light directly after they have been in darkness. Sudden changes of this kind have often resulted in total blindness.

The tests for cataracts are interesting. They are as follows: Seeing objects through a haze. The atmosphere seems smoky or foggy. Spots or specks dance before the eyes. Seeing more clearly some days than others. Seeing better sidewise than straightforward. Seeing better in the evening, or just after sundown, than at midday. A candle or street lamp seems expanded into a large flame. A lamp or electric light seems to have a halo about it. Luminous objects, like the moon, seem multiplied.

Another important thing to be considered is this—the peril of neglect. In the fine mechanism of the eye complications multiply rapidly. The decadence of cruel and unnecessary surgery and the introduction of simple and successful courses of treatment that can be used by the patient himself in his own home remove the dread of the eye doctor, which has so long contributed to the natural procrastination of human beings. Few persons probably appreciate the menace of disease when they notice such symptoms as the tiring of the eyes after a short time spent in reading, the involuntary frown or part closing of the eyes in looking at any object, the "swimming" or dimness when one has looked at one object for some time, the aching, smarting, or "watering" of the eye, inflammation of the eyelids, pain in the eyeball, temples, forehead, or back of the head. It is probably not generally known that more headache comes from improper conditions of the eye than from any other source. And proceeding on false theories, the sufferer takes a vast amount of drugs which not only fail to cure, but which actually aggravate the trouble, and, besides, upset the functions and injure the other organs of the body. The truth of this has been demonstrated many times by the employment of the course perfected by Dr. Oneal, and which is known as the dissolvent method. Many erroneous beliefs are entertained concerning the eye, and particularly in reference to the blind. For instance, it is a common belief that the loss of sight in itself actually quickens and develops the other senses. This is now held to be untrue. Any one who has made a specialty of observing the blind, either through medical practice or philanthropic work, will have a knowledge of many cases of the almost utter helplessness of those who have lost their sight. These same persons will know of other instances of remarkable development of touch, hearing, and the other senses, and the growth, even, of what seems to be a sixth sense, in those who have lost the faculty of seeing.

The quickening of the senses in the blind depends entirely on the intelligence and the ambition of the individual. The wonderful achievements of Helen Keller, the Radcliffe graduate who is both blind and deaf, were the result only of intense mental labor and energy. The greatest cause of blindness, according to United States census statistics, is from injury. By this is meant violent accidents of some sort; next to this the most prolific source of blindness is disease; the third source is from conditions at birth.

It is not to be expected that blindness will be entirely eradicated in America, but the elevation of the general intelligence of the people, the perfection of new, practical, and simple methods for prevention and cure, and more careful attention to the condition of the large body of immigration are sure to substantially reduce the proportion of the number of the blind to the whole population of the United States.



THE PIER OF THE CHARITY DEPARTMENT IN NEW YORK CITY, WHERE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS ARE DISTRIBUTED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY YEAR TO THE CITY'S BLIND.

American Journalism's Most Wonderful Half-century

Continued from page 578.

make a swifter and clearer impression on the mind. Editorials, however, are not neglected. In many papers more space is devoted to them than was given half a century ago in any journal. The *Tribune*, *Evening Post*, *Sun*, the *Troy Times*, under Colonel C. S. Francis, the *Transcript* and the *Herald* of Boston, the *Springfield Republican*, the *Philadelphia Press*, the *Chronicle* and the *Inter-Ocean* of Chicago, the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, the *Portland Oregonian*, and the *New Orleans Picayune* and *Times-Democrat* are among the papers having editorial pages which are comprehensive and individualistic. Editorials cover a far greater variety of subjects than they did within the recollection of persons still in early middle life. By intellectual training and balance most of their writers are better equipped for their task than were their predecessors. In a majority of cases they have greater dignity, courtesy, and tolerance. Unknown to the public in their professional capacity as nearly all of them are, they do better work than did many of the old-time "leader" writers of national renown.

The personal element in journalism is less marked than it was five or six decades ago. Newspapers are too large and cover too wide a range of interests to permit them, except in a very few instances, to associate themselves in the public mind with their editors or managers. Though in most cases they are dominated, in a general way, by a single will, the personality of no head of any of them stands out as conspicuously in the popular imagination as did Greeley, Bennett, Weed, Raymond, Bowles, and Prentice in the years immediately before the Civil War. Yet some large men are at the front in the journalism of to-day. A few of them will be mentioned here—those, or part of those, who have been in harness for a third of a century or more. For seventy years the *New York Herald* has been under the proprietorship and general direction of a James Gordon Bennett, father and son, the present Bennett being in control over thirty-three years. A Samuel Bowles has been at the head of the *Springfield Republican* for two-thirds of a century, the present head being the grandson of the founder. Whitelaw Reid was editor of the *New York Tribune* for thirty-three years, until his retirement a few months ago to become ambassador to England, and he retains a connection with the paper still. For a third of a century Edward H. Clement, of the *Transcript*, General Charles H. Taylor, of the *Globe*, and John H. Holmes, of the *Herald*, have been prominent in Boston's newspaper field. For more than three decades Charles Hopkins Clark has been in control of the *Hartford Courant*.

The West, too, has its newspaper veterans. For more than half a century, as boy and man, Daniel M. Houser, the head of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, has been connected with that paper and its progenitors. For forty-five years Joseph A. Wheelock has been editor of the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* and its predecessor. Harvey W. Scott has been editor of the *Portland Oregonian* for more than forty years. At the national capital, Crosby S. Noyes has been a prominent figure for more than a generation, and has been editor of the *Washington Star* for thirty-eight years. Colonel Henry Watterson, the only newspaper man of the present day whose name is interchangeable with that of his paper, has been editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* for so many decades that he has become one of the South's and the country's institutions. Major W. W. Screws, who is also president of the National Editorial Association, has been editor of the *Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser*, in the capital of the old Confederacy, since Lee's surrender at Appomattox sent him into private station. A. O. Bunnell, who for thirty-eight years has been secretary and treasurer of the *New York Press Association*, and who has been secretary of the National Republican Editorial Association since its establishment, has been editor and publisher of the *Dansville (N. Y.) Advertiser* since 1860, and was actively engaged in the newspaper business eight years before that date.

Most of these are the representatives of one or the other of the great parties. But in political discussion and in the presentation of political news these party editors treat the other side with a fairness undreamed of in Greeley's, Weed's, and Prentice's days of activity. Most of them, too, speak to audiences five times

as large as were addressed by their predecessors. Professional organs, like Blair's *Washington Capital*, Ritchie's *Washington Globe*, and Gales's and Seaton's *National Intelligencer*, will not be seen again in this country.

The elder Bennett was the pioneer in independent journalism. Many Democratic papers left their party on the war issues of 1861-65, and some strong Republican journals rebelled against the harsher features of their party's reconstruction policy. The distinctively independent newspapers, however, such as the *New York Evening Post*, the *Brooklyn Eagle*, the *Spring-*

"Were it left to me," said Jefferson to Edward Carrington, "to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter." This is extravagance, but Bonaparte recognized a great truth when he divided the world's great Powers into England, France, Russia, Prussia, Austria, and the *London Times*. Moreover, the century which has passed since the great Emperor spoke has added immeasurably to the resources and influence of the newspapers. When Prince Henry of Prussia was about to start on his trip to this side of the Atlantic in 1902 his brother, the Emperor, is reported to have said to him: "You will meet many members of the press, and I wish you to keep in mind that newspaper men in the United States rank almost with my generals in command." From the Kaiser's view-point this was a very high tribute to the standing of American journalists.

Edward VII., President Loubet, William II., Victor Emanuel III., Nicholas II., and premiers, leaders of parties, and men at the head of their profession in science, literature, and every other sphere of activity in all lands have spoken to the American people through accredited representatives of the press, or in American journals over their own signatures, though in most instances they refuse these privileges to newspapers in their own countries. President Roosevelt brought the Czar and the Mikado together and ended the war in Manchuria because the newspapers of his country were enthusiastically and unanimously behind him. He was enabled, when the peacemakers got to work here, to remove the successive obstructions out of their path because the papers kept him in constant touch with the situation. At every stage of the deliberations, though the proceedings, in theory, were secret, the representatives of the newspapers were taken into the confidence of the plenipotentiaries on both sides. Three great Powers framed the peace of Portsmouth—Russia, Japan, and the American Press.

A Song of Christmas.

O heart of mine! from the store divine
Of memories that you hold,
Sing me a song that is sweet and strong
Of the Christmas days of old.
Sing of the eager heart and eye
As the season of joy drew near;
And we marked the lessening days go by,
When the sun rose late in the winter sky,
With never a backward thought or sigh
For the waning year!

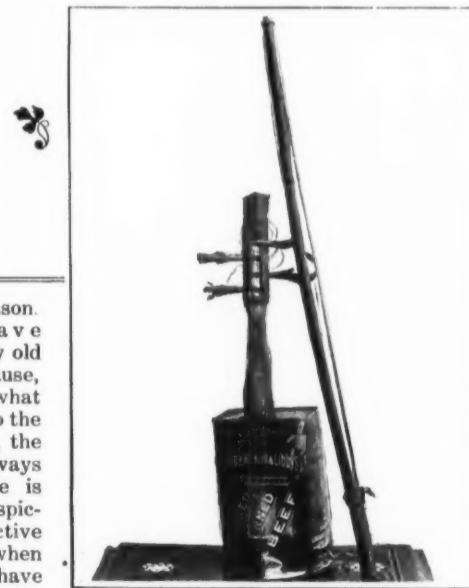
SING of the morn when our Lord was born,
As it came in the days of youth,
When the bells rang sweet down the village street
Their tidings of joy and truth!
Sing of the drifted fields of white,
Of the crisp and buoyant air;
Of the country roads packed hard and white,
Of the loaded sleighs and the faces bright,
Of the rosy girls and the laughter light,
And the greetings fair!

SING of the hall where we gathered all,
With never a vacant place;
Father and mother and sister and brother,
And each with a smiling face!
Sing of the thankful hearts sincere
For the board so nobly laid;
Of the boundless cheer of the garnered year,
Of the ample toasts and the home-made beer,
Of the stings of jest and the laughter clear,
And the joy we made!

SING of the night and the rare delight,
Of the dance and the romping game!
Of the moments fleet, and the twinkling feet
In the light of the pine-log's flame!
Sing of the memories now as keen
As the poignant sense of love;
Of the berried boughs and the evergreen,
The last cup round and the parting scene,
Of the last guest gone, with the miles between,
And the stars above!

GORDON ROGERS.

field *Republican*, the *Hartford Times*, the *Washington Star*, the *Indianapolis News*, the *Kansas City Star*, and the *Washington Post*, stand for a type of journalism which may be said to have been evolved since the Liberal Republican revolt against Grant in 1872 and the mugwump rising against Blaine in 1884, which placed Cleveland in office the first time. Bryan's first canvass, 1896, brought a break in alignment by Republican papers in the West and by Democratic papers in the East more extensive than took place at any previous time since Douglas's and Pierce's repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854 sent a large portion of the Democratic press of the North and West into the Republican party, founded in that year to preserve the Territories for freedom.



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UNIQUE PRODUCT OF A SOUTH AFRICAN NEGRO'S INGENUITY—AN EXCELLENT MUSICAL INSTRUMENT FORMED OF A CORNED-BEEF CAN AND THE ROUGH TWIGS OF TREES.
Photograph from P. J. Francis.

to higher prices. A stock market that depends upon tips for its success is doomed to disappointment. It makes no difference whether the tipster is an obscure hanger-on in Wall Street, desperately seeking to make a living by selling his information, at any price, to any one who will buy it, or whether the tipster is at the head of a big

stock-exchange firm or a great financial institution. Tips are not given away for nothing. Valuable information is always utilized for the benefit of the man who has been fortunate enough to secure it. It is like any other valuable thing, and he will not, therefore, give it away, or share it with any one unless for a profit.

Profitable tips are given out in Wall Street by prominent men, as they have been of late, on certain stocks, because the tipsters are eager to make an active and a rising market. The information is, therefore, not unselfishly given. Though the tipsters, by means of pools with which they are associated, are enabled to advance certain stocks and make them yield a profit to every one, they

Continued on page 586.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

[NOTICE.—Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York, at the full subscription rates, namely, five dollars per annum, or \$2.50 for six months, are placed on what is known as "Jasper's Preferred List," entitling them to the early delivery of their papers and to answers in this column to inquiries on financial questions having relevancy to Wall Street, and, in emergencies, to answers by mail or telegraph. No additional charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. All inquiries should be addressed to "Jasper," Financial Editor LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

IN THIS Christmas season, when gifts are fashionable, there may be some excuse for the abundance of tips which are so freely offered to those who would like to take a venture in Wall Street. These tips are not a holiday institution. They are not given only during the

Christmas season. You can have them at "any old time," because, no matter what may happen to the stock market, the tipster is always with us. He is especially conspicuous in an active bull market, when those who have stocks to sell are anxious to have plenty of customers. For this means competitive buying, and that always leads up

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Drawn for Eastman Kodak Co. by Alonzo Kimball

KODAKS

on the tree; then Kodak pictures of the tree; pictures of the baby, of grandmother, of the Christmas house party—all help to keep green the Christmas memories.

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Rich and mellowed by old age, it warms the cockles of the heart with the spirit of good cheer and the essence of good fellowship. The best whiskey for all uses. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.



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THE CARTHAGE COMPANY, of Rochester, N. Y., is the owner of a method whereby anyone can add from two to three inches to his stature. It is called the "Carthage System," because it is based upon the scientific and physiological method of expanding the cartilage. THE CARTHAGE SYSTEM not only increases the height, but its use means better health, more nerve force, increased bodily development, and longer life. Its use necessitates no drugs, no internal treating, no operation, no hard work, no big expense. Your height can be increased, no matter what your age or sex may be, and this can be done at home without the knowledge of any physician. The Carthage System has made one's height has received the enthusiastic endorsement of physicians and instructors in physical culture. If you would like to add to your stature, so as to be able to see in a crowd, walk without embarrassment with those who are tall, and enjoy the other advantages of proper height, you should write at once for a copy of our free booklet, "How to Grow Tall." It tells you how to accomplish these results quickly, surely and permanently. Write to-day.

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for this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and mail it to J. F. Stokes, Mgr., 4672 Foso Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, enclosing a 2-cent stamp to help cover postage.

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Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure. We furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once.

ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1350, Detroit, Mich.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

AGITATION in favor of Federal control of life insurance increases, but it is exceedingly doubtful if Congress can be persuaded to enact a law with this end in view at its coming session. The question is one on which an honest difference of opinion may exist, and many of the ablest men of both parties may be found ranged on both sides of the issue. The question will probably come up when Senator Dryden's insurance bill is presented in the Senate. In a circular letter sent out not long since, Senator Dryden enumerated some of the benefits which might be expected to result from the enactment of his bill. Among these are the following.

1. An increase in the security of the policy-holders.
2. A decrease in the expense rate and the cost of insurance.
3. A decrease in the burden of needless taxation.
4. A decrease in the amount of clerical labor now indispensable to meet the requirements of some fifty States and Territories.
5. The stamping out of fraudulent insurance enterprises.
6. Adequate national protection for American companies transacting business in foreign countries.

The facts brought out in the insurance investigation in New York have furnished a sufficient answer to some of these claims on the part of Senator Dryden. But the chief and strongest contention of the opponents of the measure is that it would be unconstitutional, and they are able to point to a long series of Supreme Court decisions to uphold their view. The feeling of Senator Bulkeley, of Connecticut, in regard to the matter was made evident in his recent speech before a meeting of insurance underwriters in New York. He declared that under Federal supervision all the grievances that now exist under State control would be aggravated and multiplied. He referred to the treatment now accorded by Congress to insurance companies in the District of Columbia. A bureau of insurance exists in the District, which, of course, is under Federal control. But the same objections have been urged against it that are now urged against State superintendence. Senator Bulkeley also dwelt upon the history of national banks and their failures, and asked if the supervision of insurance would be better. The losses in national bank failures within a short period, he said, had amounted to \$200,000,000, much of this loss falling upon widows and orphans. It seems to us that the Connecticut Senator has outlined a strong argument and one which will be likely to prevail.

"J. J.," Toledo, O.: 1. The Prudential, of New Jersey, and all the other leading companies will give you a policy, large or small, according to your needs. 2. Your circumstances would seem to justify a policy of at least \$1,000. The expense would not be more than fifty cents a week. You ought to be able to put aside twice that amount without hardship.

"F.," Crown Point, N. Y.: It is impossible to say what the companies would do, but I would not hesitate to ask for an exchange. The terms of your policy, which is your contract, probably, will not justify the change, excepting as a matter of accommodation on the part of the companies. Just at present all ought to be in an accommodating mood.

"Widow," Little Rock, Ark.: 1. I think it is good advice, especially if you feel that, in your condition of health, you are not able properly to look after the estate. 2. The income of the daughter would be for life, beginning at your death. Your income would begin at the end of the stipulated period. 3. This form of insurance is especially offered by the Mutual Life, of New York. I suggest that you fill out the coupon on its announcement, appearing on another page, and get all the information you ask, far more at length than I can give it in my limited space.

The Hermit.

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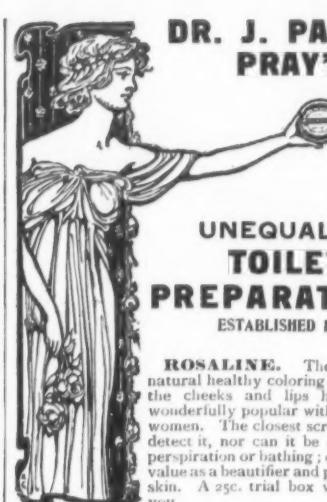


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Mines in Bingham Canon, Utah

\$3.50 per share & Par \$5.00

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NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

Department of Finance,
Bureau for the Collection of Taxes,
New York, December 1, 1905.
UNDER THE PROVISIONS OF SECTION 919 OF the Greater New York Charter (chapter 378, Laws of 1897) notice is hereby given to all persons or corporations who have omitted to pay their taxes, "To pay the same in the Borough in which the property is located," as follows:

Borough of Manhattan, No. 57 Chambers street, Manhattan, N. Y.;

Borough of The Bronx, corner Third and Tremont avenues, The Bronx, N. Y.;

Borough of Brooklyn, Rooms, 2, 4, 6 and 8, Municipal Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.;

Borough of Queens, corner Jackson avenue and Fifth street, Long Island City, N. Y.;

Borough of Richmond, corner Bay and Sand streets, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y.;

—and that under the provisions of section 916 of said Charter, "If any such tax shall remain unpaid on the first day of December, it shall be the duty of the Receiver of Taxes to charge, receive and collect upon such tax so remaining unpaid on that day in addition to the amount of such tax one per centum on the amount thereof, and to charge, receive and collect upon such tax so remaining unpaid on the first day of January thereafter, interest upon the amount thereof at the rate of seven per centum per annum, to be calculated from the day on which said taxes became due and payable (October 2, 1905) as provided by section nine hundred and fourteen of this act, to the date of payment."

DAVID E. AUSTEN,
Receiver of Taxes.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.
Continued from page 582.

are not able and do not seek to hold the market's strength when liquidation begins. If any of the overloaded pools were suddenly to break down, occasioning heavy loss to all concerned, including the tipsters and all the "tipped," no one could be blamed, because all will have been equally culpable.

I mention these facts because recent movements in Wall Street clearly justify all that I have said. I have little hope that my warning against accepting tips of any kind or from any one will be heeded. Those who, by following the tips, and not staying in the game too long, have made money, think tips are all right, and will, no doubt, continue to accept them. Eventually history will repeat itself, and these venturesome individuals will find themselves on the losing, instead of the winning, side. Then they will be as vigorously opposed to the tipsters as I am, and always have been.

The criminal courts of Massachusetts are prosecuting an unfortunate speculator who promoted the Uhero Plantation Company, and who is accused of misappropriating about \$1,000,000 of the deluded shareholders' money. His plantation was a good deal of a swindle, and in all about two thousand persons, including poor school-teachers, scrub-women, and janitors, who bought the stock, find it worthless. The liabilities of the company are \$1,250,000 and the assets less than \$5,000. But is this promoter worse than the high and mighty promoters of railway and industrial enterprises on a gigantic scale, who, for the past few years, have been taking advantage of their control of corporations to enrich themselves enormously at the expense of the shareholders? Railroad managers have bought up the shares of desirable lines in their territory at low prices, and then arranged to unload them on their corporations on a guarantee of interest or some other basis that largely increased the value of the securities they had purchased. The honesty of such an operation need not be discussed. It may not have been in violation of the law as man has made it, but it was in violation of the commandments laid down in Holy Writ.

Another game that the licensed promoters of Wall Street play is to draw on all the surplus funds of a company, to pay inflated dividends, put up the price of the stock to very high figures, and then proceed to unload. The next move is to reduce or pass the dividends and buy the stock back at bargain-counter prices. How often this has been done! And how many millions and tens of millions of dollars have been made by inside cliques in doing it! Who have been the sufferers? Not the heavy stockholders who could best bear a loss, but the small shareholders who have been misled into the belief that they were making permanent investments when they purchased a few shares to put away and to provide an additional income. Is there no law to reach these big despoilers, who take advantage of thousands of stockholders? Is it state-prison for the highwayman who robs one man, or the pickpocket who picks one pocket, and Fifth Avenue palaces with untold luxury for the man who filches by wholesale?

Of course it is the stockholder's fault, because it is the proxy he gives to the man who robs him that enables the latter to do the robbing. If in this country as in England, stockholders would insist upon their rights, would attend the annual meetings of corporations, and demand and secure the fullest and most complete statements of the business of the concerns in which they are interested, there would be far less in the bunco game of Wall Street. And if the policy of President Roosevelt were carried out, and some commission or body were authorized to fully investigate the affairs of every corporation, where an investigation was justified, the situation would be greatly improved. But these reforms

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Piso's Cure for Consumption has cured Coughs for forty years. It is still on the market.

THE BEST WORM LOZENGES for CHILDREN are BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS. 25c. a box.

At every exposition where the Sohmer Pianos have been brought into competition with others they have invariably taken the first prize.

will not be brought about unless shareholders take an interest in their companies, and elect representatives to Congress and members of Legislatures who are not the miserable tools of corporations. I am in no sense a socialist, but I believe in fair play and a "square deal," and in an honest government, not only for the State and the nation, but for every corporation.

"H." Wyanet, Ill.: I think the Chicago and Alton 31-2s are a good bond, though they do not yield a very handsome profit.

"S." Washington: I am unable to get a report, and very little appears to be known about it by those familiar with such properties.

"McC." Sioux Falls, S. D.: There are a number of companies by that name. Will you give me the exact name and the location of the property?

"Quiz": I have never seen the property, but parties who have, speak of it favorably. No dividends have as yet been declared. The firm seems to be doing considerable business, and, as far as I know, stands well.

"B." Pittsburgh, Penn.: I see nothing in American Nickel that makes it worthy of the confidence of investors. Its prospectus deals in remarkable flights of fancy. 2. Any broker will buy stocks on the curb if paid for. Such stocks are not bought on margin.

"Alder." Canton: I have not seen the property, but am told by those familiar with it that it has great possibilities, and that it is being developed in a promising way. All such propositions must be regarded as speculative, until put on a dividend paying basis.

"Tamarind": The Erie is tremendously capitalized, and has a very heavy bonded indebtedness. Its earnings are large, but it needs to expend many millions for improvements. The common sold last year as low as 22. The low price this year was 37 1/2. The second preferred looks cheaper.

"F." New Orleans: "American Ice preferred" is no longer listed. Virtually, the entire issue of the preferred and common shares of the American Ice Company has been exchanged for the stock of the American Ice Securities Company. The latter is peculiarly attractive in a more active market.

"P." New York: Holders of Am. Malt would have redress if they had united to seek it. They cannot be compelled to surrender their shares in exchange for those of the new company unless they choose to do so. The stockholders' committee has been seeking legal advice, and I have been promised an early report.

"Otte." Penn.: I said long ago that there was doubt whether the dividends on Frisco second preferred could be continued, in view of the speculative character of the management, the undeveloped condition of the road's business, and the need of large expenditures for improvements and extensions. It is always safe to believe that something is the matter with a 4 per cent. railroad stock or bond when it sells at less than 70. While I would not sacrifice my shares I would take an early opportunity to sell if the market had an advance.

"M." Providence: The public declaration of President Cassatt, the president of the Pennsylvania, that the Pennsylvania Railroad had never contemplated taking over the R. R. T. was followed by a decline in the stock. But there are those who still believe that the Long Island Railroad will ultimately control B. R. T. It must either be that or competition between the two systems. The impression prevails that the rise in B. R. T. was largely due to manipulation for the purpose of selling the convertible 4 per cent. bonds, which had not been going very well. In that event the rise would be maintained until the convertibles had been worked off. How long that would take must depend upon the public's appetite for securities of this character.

"S." New York: 1. United Railways preferred, of St. Louis, paying 5 per cent., looks fairly good. The earnings show a decrease compared with the enormous business done during the exposition period. There may not be much speculation in the stock, if that is what you are looking for, but earnings make the dividends fairly safe. 2. Greene Con. is, no doubt, a very rich and extensive copper property, but its distance from commercial centers makes the cost of fuel and other important items higher than it should be, and I have been told that it costs the Greene Con. twelve cents a pound to produce copper. As long as the metal maintains its present high price, Greene ought to be a good money-maker. Relatively it is cheaper than many other copper shares.

Continued on page 587

NECTAR
OF THE
GODS

NECTAR
OF THE
GODS



**LIQUEUR
PÈRES CHARTREUX**

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

THIS FAMOUS CORDIAL, NOW MADE AT TARRAGONA, SPAIN, WAS FOR CENTURIES DISTILLED BY THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS (PÈRES CHARTREUX) AT THE MONASTERY OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE, FRANCE, AND KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS CHARTREUSE. THE ABOVE CUT REPRESENTS THE BOTTLE AND LABEL EMPLOYED IN THE PUTTING UP OF THE ARTICLE SINCE THE MONKS' EXPULSION FROM FRANCE, AND IT IS NOW KNOWN AS LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX. THE MONKS, HOWEVER, STILL RETAIN THE RIGHT TO USE THE OLD BOTTLE AND LABEL AS WELL, DISTILLED BY THE SAME ORDER OF MONKS WHO HAVE SECURELY GUARDED THE SECRET OF ITS MANUFACTURE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS AND WHO ALONE POSSESS A KNOWLEDGE OF THE ELEMENTS OF THIS DELICIOUS NECTAR.

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HIGH LIFE can now be had on all dining cars and steamship lines, in leading hotels and cafes. Ask for it by name—HIGH LIFE

**Miller's
"The Best"
Milwaukee Beer**

Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.*Continued from page 586.***"H."** Burlington, Vt.: I would not be in a hurry, though a profit is always a good thing to take.**"M."** Wisconsin: 1. I find nothing attractive in the bonds. They would be difficult to sell if you needed to dispose of them, unless you sold to an insider at his own price. There is no general market for them. 2. Mr. Catlin, of Catlin & Powell, is president of the Mining Exchange, and the firm is well regarded.**"H."** Brooklyn: American Grass Twine has doubled in price since a year ago, and while the stock may not be worth much more than it is selling for, yet it has speculative value in a market showing strength. It is attractive because it looks cheap, and can easily be manipulated for a rise. I would not sell at a sacrifice.**"Century"**: I have no personal knowledge of the mines to which you refer, and have no doubt that they are somewhat speculative, as all such non-dividend-paying properties usually are. Propositions of this kind are highly attractive only because they promise, if developments meet expectations to pay large returns on a small investment.**"H."** Summit, N. J.: If the officers of the New Process Pulp Company have such a wonderful money-maker, the attention of the public apparently has not yet been directed to that fact. The capital seems to be excessive, and the process does not appear to have yet been applied on a broad, commercial basis, so that if you wished to sell your stock it would be difficult to find a market.**"C. H. C."** Burlington, Vt.: I certainly would not give an option on the stock at this time. You may not realize par for it, and will not so long as inside interests seek to depress, rather than to enhance, the price. It might be well to take a good profit if you have it, and put your money into something more attractive, from the speculative and investment standpoint.**"M."** Philadelphia: 1. The affairs of the General Asphalt Company are so mixed, and the outcome depends so much on the result of litigation, that the public is not disposed to either buy or sell its securities. 2. Yes, eventually. 3. I would not sacrifice my holdings at this time. 4. I am unable to say. 5. You must be a subscriber at the home office, at full rates, to be entitled to the privileges of this department.**"L."** Illinois: U. S. Rubber common paid 1 per cent. last April. It sold a year ago at 34, and is in the hands of expert manipulators, who have been promising a further rise. Texas Pacific is a non-dividend-payer, but is a favorite low-priced railway stock with those who believe in taking long chances. Missouri Pacific pays 5 per cent. Probably the best speculation for a long pull is Texas Pacific and the best purchase for a speculative investment is Missouri Pacific.**60-DAY CLOCKS**

Prentiss clocks are the only 60-day clocks manufactured in the world. They are phenomenal timepieces, keeping perfect time throughout their long run. The calendar is entirely automatic, and may be placed under the clock dial or beside it if preferred. All Prentiss Clocks are synchronized and electrically controlled.

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SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYEWATER

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

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The Loftis System at Christmas Time is a great and timely convenience to thousands as it enables persons in all circumstances to make beautiful and appropriate Christmas Gifts. Everyone at Christmas time is anxious to give their loved ones handsome Christmas Presents, but it is not always convenient. THE LOFTIS SYSTEM of Credit means convenience. That is the only way in which it differs from a cash transaction. There is no delay, no security, no publicity. It simply means a matter of confidence and convenience to honorable people.

Our Handsome Christmas Catalogue is resplendent with thousands of beautiful Jewelry suggestions for Xmas Gifts. Diamond Rings, Pins, Brooches and Earrings, Chatelaine Watches, Silver Jewelry, Artistic Jewelry, Jewelry Boxes, Sparkling Diamond Studs, Scarf Pins and Cuff Buttons, Watches, Match Safes, Fobs, etc., for husband, father or brother. With its aid you can select in the privacy of your own home, suitable Gifts for all, both old and young. May we not have the pleasure of sending you a copy?

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GOLD SEAL CHAMPAGNE

Special Dry-Brut
CORKED UP SUNSHINE
FROM AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS VINYARDS

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**GOLD SEAL
Special Dry**
Urbana Wine Company, Urbana, N.Y.

Mining Notes of Special Interest.

WE LEARN that the bond offer of ex-Senator Warner Miller, president of the Sierra Consolidated Gold Mining Company, has been fully subscribed or optioned. The company, however, to be sure of having sufficient money on hand to carry its enterprise through in the proper way, and in view of the fact that some of the options may not be exercised, has decided to receive subscriptions for the 6 per cent. bonds carrying a bonus of an equal amount of stock for any part of \$25,000, until the time is up for the unexpired options to be exercised. The company is pushing its work vigorously; is buying and shipping machinery, and advancing the work on the shaft of the Snake Vein night and day, and will have a force of men on the Opportunity Vein as soon as the proper machinery can be installed. The Opportunity is a great vein. It has one continuous ore chute of over 1,300 feet in length, and in addition to its gold and silver values, the smelting ore in this vein run about 125 pounds of copper to the ton. This would carry a large profit even if the ores did not have any other values. In fact, the gold and silver constitute about 90 per cent. of its value. A traction engine and iron wagons are ready for shipment to the mines, and will soon put the company in very much better shape for handling its freight economically, and save at least, 80 per cent. of the cost of freight from the railroad to the mines. The company also has its own saw-mill running, and expects to be able to deliver lumber and mining timbers for about half the present cost. The bond issue of the Sierra Consolidated has been very largely taken up by readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, and Senator Miller expresses his pleasure that our readers have shown their appreciation of this property, and that they can distinguish between a legitimate mining proposition, with developed mines and

actual values in sight, and undeveloped mines and prospects, which sometimes pan out big but cannot be put on any other basis except a very speculative one. While he does not pretend to say that almost any mining proposition is more or less speculative, he believes that the Sierra Consolidated Gold Mining Company's offers of a 6 per cent. bond, and an equal amount of stock as a bonus with the bond (the bond secured by a mortgage on all the assets of the company) cannot be considered in any sense as speculative. He will be glad to send further information, and a copy of the illustrated booklet of the Sierra Con., to any one who will write him to the address of the Hon. Warner Miller, president Sierra Consolidated Mining Company, 100 Broadway, New York.

THE GUGGENHEIMS are now in control of the Utah Copper Company. The action brought by Colonel E. W. Wall, of Salt Lake, in which an injunction was granted preventing the stockholders from acting on the proposition to increase the capital stock from \$4,500,000 to \$6,000,000, and to authorize an issue of \$3,000,000 six per cent. convertible bonds, has been settled, and at a recent meeting the stockholders authorized the increased capital stock and the issuance of the bonds. The Guggenheims, while negotiations with Colonel Wall were under way, purchased the interest of the United States Reduction and Refining Company in the Utah Copper Company for \$1,000,000. It is now announced that the 6,000-ton mill being built by the company will be completed within a year. This mill will produce seventy-five or eighty million pounds of copper every year.

Afflicted with
SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYEWATER



The Anheuser-Busch Art Calendar For 1906

is an unquestioned triumph of artists' genius. Cold black and white is incapable of bringing out the chaste delicacy of the ethereal figures representing the **Four Seasons**, which occupy the central panels. The fact that these are from the brush of Maud Humphrey, whose name is known wherever Art is recognized, is sufficient evidence of their artistic merit.

The descriptive border designs from the brush of C. A. Etherington, a pupil of Mucha, Paris, the greatest living decorative artist, are a symphony of color harmonies.

These beautiful art panels—entirely devoid of advertising—must be seen in their rich, natural colors to be appreciated.

The fifth or Calendar panel is of special design, and represents a maid bearing a tray of Malt-Nutrine. Each panel is 24 x 10 inches in size, and is beautifully lithographed in twelve colors, picked out with gold. The five panels are bound together with a silken cord.

These five art panels will be sent to any address upon receipt of twenty-five cents, or the tops of twelve red tin foil caps from Malt-Nutrine bottles, sent to the

**Malt-Nutrine Department
Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n
St. Louis, U. S. A.**

MALT-NUTRINE—The most nourishing liquid food—most grateful to the weakened stomach. A necessity to nursing mothers, weak or growing children. It creates appetite and gives health to the weak and ailing. Sold by druggists and grocers.

WINTER